SCAMP

THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN

THE MADAM OF MAIDEN LANE

Stories by

ALGREN • ENDORE • CASANOVA

NAKED ON BROADWAY

SEPT., 50c

WORLD'S SHAPELIEST TORSO!

HARRIET PATTERSON

. . . come into my parlor

. . . don't bother to knock

. . . just come on in

. . . through the magic door

. . . to the land of

. . . scampish dreams where

. . . life is for living and

. . . living is as lively as

. . . enchanting beauties

. . . the humorist's pen and

. . . the cartoonist's wit

. . . can make it

Welcome to the house of Scamp,
Let joy be unconfined,
Light the wick of pleasure's lamp
To view the bliss you'll find.

Scamp

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SCAMP

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THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN

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BY NELSON ALGREN

depend on AUNT ELLY!

Auntie would take care of Wilma.

Never fear, Auntie would get her out of jail—

and put her back on the streets!

THERE wasn't anything to the case, to start with. Just the routine thing, in routine weather. A couple ordinary-looking cops on a hotel beat, making a Sunday morning checkup, the way they do around small hotels in Arkansas on some Sunday mornings.

When they walked in the Pfc was shaving and this girl, this Wilma, was sitting by the window smoking, waiting for him to take her to breakfast.

"You don't have to worry," the older officer assured the soldier. "We'll only hold you for a witness. Your folks won't find out."

"Ain't my folks I'm worryin' about," the boy blubbered, "it's my C.O. I'll lose my stripe for this."

He had to make Monday reveille, and there wouldn't be a trial judge around before Monday forenoon. By the time he got back to his barracks he'd be a full day overdue.

He was nineteen or so. The girl was, perhaps, twenty-three.

"'N I don't want to testify up against her anyhow," the boy added as though he liked her. The girl (*Continued on page* 64)

From: "THE NEON WILDERNESS"
Copyright, 1947, by Nelson Algren.
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"It's what I get for playin' the streets," Wilma thought. "I'd be better off in a house."

BEHIND MILADY'S LOOKING GLASS

The mirror reveals much of cover girl Susan Turner, but most revealing is what it may tell you about yourself!

That Susan is sexy, nobody can deny. But, there are many other aspects to her character.

She is ambitious, yet has a strict code of ethics; fun-loving, but also has her serious side.

Susan works hard and plays hard. She believes with Scamp that life is for living—and living can be fun.

Scamp's mirror is no ordinary looking glass. It reflects far more than the beauty of cover girl Susan Turner. Its images are doubly revealing. First it tells the viewer of the many facets of character which make up the appeal of Milady. Ambition for the future and nostalgia for the past, the promise of sexuality and the shield of virtue, the love of fun and the awareness of an existence beset by many perils—all this is revealed of Milady in the lovely reflection of her mirror. Secondly, and perhaps even more interesting, is what the looking glass tells us of ourselves. What do we see in it? An object of desire? Unobtainable loveliness? A symbol of womanhood? A dream, a hope, a promise? These are the secrets of Milady's looking glass. And the answers lie within ourselves.

There are moments when Susan, like most of us, succumbs to nostalgia, but for the most part, her thoughts are devoted to future plans.

By RICHARD SUSKIND

Silhouetted in the candlelight at the far end of the cellar, he could see the figure of a girl.

Grady lay in the hospital bed, only half a man, desperately trying to forget his crime against

THAT FRAULEIN in the CELLAR

I was forty-five years old when I enlisted in the army in 1943—too old for combat duty but still young enough to be of use—so they trained me as a medic and assigned me to a field hospital unit which was then in England. I couldn't say exactly, of course, but at least a couple of thousand wounded men must have passed through my hands from the day we landed in Le Havre, six weeks after the invasion had begun, until the day the war in Europe ended. Most of them were kids, some slightly wounded, some horribly, but of them all the one I remember best was a boy named Grady Allen Baxter, a nineteen-year-old who had been hit by one of those little monsters the G.I.s called 'Bouncing Betsies'. In case you've forgotten, the 'Bouncing Betsy' was about as devastating a weapon, both physically and psychologically, as the Nazis ever invented: a small anti-personnel mine, roughly the size and shape of a baby's shoe-box, which, when you stepped on it, leaped two feet into the air before exploding. It had been devised to castrate, and that was what one of them had done to Baxter a few days after his outfit crossed the Rhine.

This happened in late March of 1945, when I had already become rather inured (I won't say calloused) to the suffering which was part of my daily climate. But every time I passed Baxter's bed and saw him lying there apathetically, not speaking to anyone, hardly touching his food, and with a sort of dull, sick look in his eyes as though he didn't much care whether or not he lived or died, I would feel a shaft of pure pity shoot through me. Part of this feeling can no doubt be ascribed to self-identification, since I

(continued on next page)

couldn't help putting myself in his shoes. But besides that, he was such a nice wholesome-looking kid—like the boy-next-door, if you know what I mean: freckled, snub-nosed, with a wide friendly mouth, reddish blond hair and naive blue eyes—sort of a Norman Rockwell illustration come to life—that it made me feel lousy to see him like that and to think of the hell he must be going through. So one day, about a week after the aid-men had brought him in from the front, I decided to try and cheer him up.

I didn't get anywhere at first. He was too polite to tell me to go to hell, but he obviously wasn't interested in anything I had to say. He just lay there on his back, staring out the window at the tree which grew in the front yard of the mansion we were using as a hospital, while I commented on the latest news in the Stars-and-Stripes or spoke about things in the States in an effort to draw him out. I didn't mention his wound—at least not for several days. For one thing, I was naturally hesitant about bringing it up; and for another, I couldn't think of anything to say. What could I have told him? That sex wasn't important? That he'd be able to live a normal life, find compensations for his loss? . . . I'd have felt and sounded like a damned fool.

Presently, however, it occurred to me that maybe he *wanted* to talk about his wound, that maybe it was the only thing he *would* talk about. So, one day after lunch, I said casually, "That sure was a lousy break you got," and waited to see how he would take it.

I don't know what I expected: silence, perhaps, or an indignation even greater than my own. Instead, he hitched himself up on his elbows, looked me full in the face, and said slowly, without bitterness, "I deserved it. I deserved what I got."

I was astonished, and touched. He seemed to me, at that moment, even younger than nineteen, even more of a kid. But what could he possibly have done, I wondered, to make him feel he merited so drastic and final a punishment?

Later that same afternoon he told me about it.

THE search was ordered because someone (whether German or American no one could say) had taken a shot at Major Campbell as he was making an inspection tour of the guard posts late one night. The Major, who was naturally angry and indignant, not to say frightened, called a meeting of the company commanders the following morning and told them that he wanted the town searched, house-to-house, and all firearms confiscated. The company commanders passed the order on to their lieutenants, who in turn relayed it to their platoons; so that, roughly twelve hours after the shot had been fired, Pfc. Grady Allen Baxter, along with the other men in his squad, could be seen standing in front of the first house on the block they had been told to search.

Corporal Anderson, a tall, lanky young man with acne-pitted cheeks, who knew perhaps twenty-five words of German, had been appointed interpreter. He pounded on the door with his fist, and in his best parade-ground voice called out: *"Aufmachen—schnell!"* then looked around at Sergeant Collins, the squad-leader, for approval.

The sergeant smiled grimly and nodded his head. "That's the way, Andy. You can't take any crap from these heinies." He turned to Baxter, who was standing at his side, and his tough Irish face, covered with a two-day growth of black wiry stubble, cracked in a grin. "About time we had us a little fun, eh, kid?"

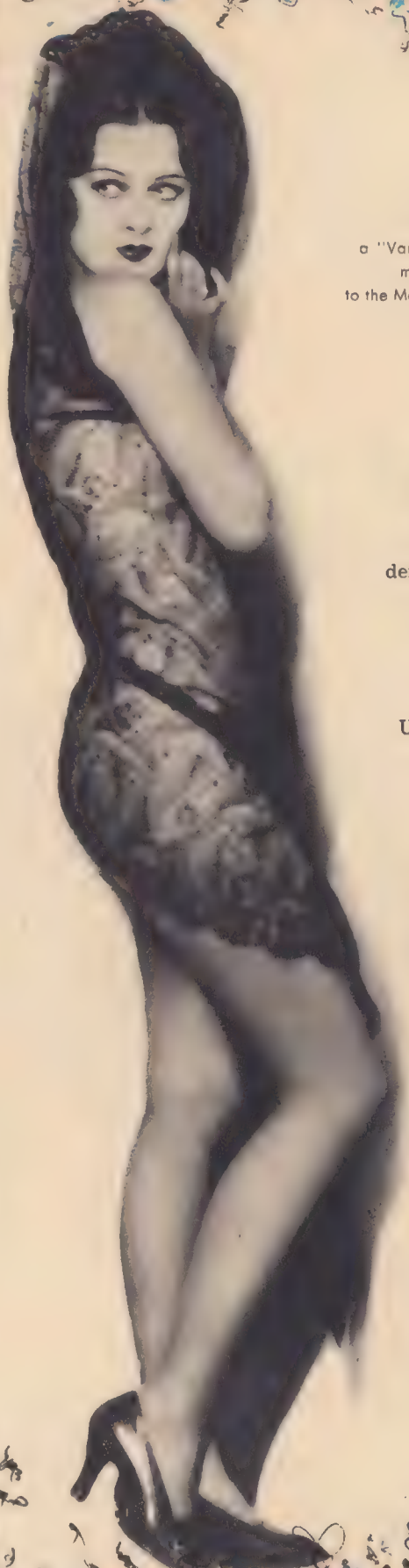
"Sure is, Sarge," Baxter replied, managing to inject a note of enthusiasm into his voice, though his palms were sweating and there was a nervous fluttering in his belly.

Surreptitiously he adopted the sergeant's stance: legs straddled, arms akimbo, head thrust slightly forward—the very picture of a fighting soldier (though he had joined the platoon as a replacement less than two weeks before and hadn't yet fired a shot). And when a moment later the door opened and an elderly woman appeared, he didn't hang back, but pushed boldly past her with Collins and Anderson, while the other four men in the squad followed behind.

Herding the woman before them like a reluctant chicken, the squad filed into a room which opened onto the hall. Baxter looked around curiously. He hadn't been in many German homes—only those in which his squad had been quartered—and he was still mildly surprised at how little different they were from homes in the States. This parlor, for instance, with its overstuffed chairs and sofa, with its pseudo-modern blond desk and end-tables, with its glass-fronted cabinet full of bric-a-brac, reminded him very much of his grandmother's house in Joplin.

"Tell her to bring (*continued on page* 70)

F. BRITTON



Left: Kay Carroll, no relation to Earl, was a "Vanities" star. Right: The man who brought nudity to the Main Stem and got away with it, Earl Carroll.

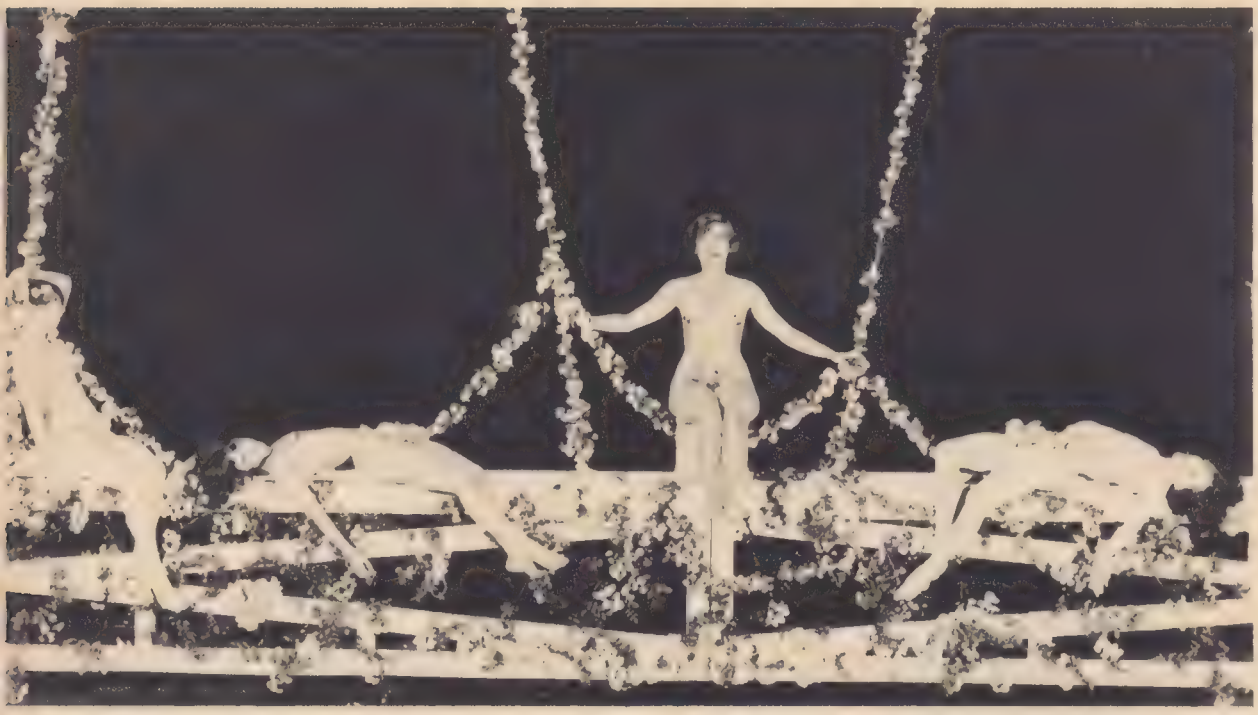
THERE WAS a gay time when Paris had nothing on Broadway for Broadway had nothing on either. That was during the fantastic "Vanities" era when gaunt and gaudy Earl Carroll continuously defied law and church by producing shows which revealed there's nothing as beautiful or enticing as the female form, especially when unadorned, and, in proving his point, went bankrupt. He brazenly brought to the American stage stark realism in its loveliest, most delicate form. Unlike uncouth Tennessee Williams he avoided the grotesque and ugly and displayed only the beautiful side with no strings or garments attached. He presented the naked truth about beauty with all the facts laid bare. Other producers bespangled their show girls, but Carroll would have none of this deception. There was no concealment with him. He adored the unadorned female form and built his lavish, breathtaking revues around it. During his highly-criticised life, he was in and out of court many times for he fought Puritanism, hypocricy, Prohibition and all efforts to jail him for producing indecent shows. He was intent on glorifying the American girl and never gave up, although in so doing he lost many more battles with the austere authorities than he won. For example, in 1923 Carroll was arrested for displaying provocative nudes in front of the theatre where his devastating "Vanities" were the attraction. Bent on making a test case of it, he refused to put up bail or pay the fine and was determined to fight the case for beauty right up to the Supreme Court of the United States. He did not and never would accept nudity as obscene. However, after four uncomfortable days in the clink, Carroll changed his mind, paid the fine and removed the public display of questionable

(continued on page 14)

NAKED ON BROADWAY

By TONI HELLER

Earl Carroll prospered when the bluenoses tried to ban his bare bosom productions, but a combination of booze, a babe and a bathtub landed the showman in the clink!



Scenes exposing the female anatomy to view of delighted theatre-goers were common in Carroll's productions. It's no wonder that almost all his shows were sellouts.

Lovelies like Collette Francis (left) and Shirley Parshall gained for Carroll the reputation of presenting the most beautiful girls in the world in his shows.

Carroll, who once was a missionary in China, produced 15 editions of the "Vanities," including "Murder at the Vanities," which featured sweet 'n beautiful Laurie Shevlin (above).

Caroll was a stickler when it came to training his showgirls to pose properly. Here, Julia Janner displays the carriage which was a trademark of his girls.

NAKED ON BROADWAY

(*continued*)

nudes. But inside you could still see the real thing on the stage.

Strangely enough, even some of the American girls he was attempting to glorify turned against him a few years later. It seems some of those who were turned down and not chosen for his "Vanities," accused him of insisting they audition as nude as possible and when they refused were promptly rejected. Nothing came of these charges since the court felt Carroll, as producer, had a right to see if he were getting what he and the public were looking for.

In 1930 his "Vanities" were raided and several of his performers charged with giving indecent performances. The exquisite Faith Bacon, creator of the famous fan dance, was one of the young ladies arrested. Fortunately, the Grand Jury saw eye to eye with Carroll on Faith and the others and the indecency charges were tossed out of court. In those days, obviously, nudity wasn't the brash offense it is now considered. Perhaps female nudes were more beautiful and inspiring

Four of Carroll's most popular showgirls. (L. to R.) Ida Michael. Vanita Carol, famous as "Miss Denmark." Alice Kerwin. Dolores Grant. Carroll fought for his belief that nudity was not obscene. To back up this belief, he arranged his girls in artistic clusters, draped their bodies artistically (albeit revealingly) and put them in arty settings. It worked, for bluenoses never could prove him lewd.

than they are today and fewer misshapen and frustrated females served on juries.

Earl Carroll's "Vanities" were raided again in 1932 after warnings had failed to temper his views on nudity. Nevertheless, after all the excitement and front page headlines, he was again cleared of producing lewd and indecent shows. The bluenoses, try as they did, couldn't seem to nail him, but they continued to lay in wait.

It was difficult for them to believe that this same man at the age of 16 was doing missionary work in China, distributing Bibles among the natives. But that's precisely what he did before entering show business.

They finally lowered the boom on Earl, not because of nudity in his "Vanities," but rather for a fabulous "champagne" party he gave one Washington's Birthday night on the stage of his theatre. He invited 300 of his Broadway friends backstage to attend the merriment. During the festivities, a bath tub was brought on stage and filled with amber liquid, generally believed to be champagne. A ravishing nude model, named Joyce Hawley, slithered forward, stepped gracefully into the tub and gayly sat there in the bubbly as the gentlemen clustered about, scooped out the amber liquid and lustily lapped it up. No photographers, of course, were present because this was strictly a private party.

One of the guests, however, was a newspaper editor who claimed Carroll told him to go ahead and print an exclusive story of the extraordinary affair, which he proceeded to do. Carroll, infuriated, protested he never gave the go ahead. Nevertheless, all hell broke loose. It was just what the bluenoses had been waiting for.

It wasn't whether or not Joyce was nude that mattered or whether or not the bath tub incident was unsanitary and Carroll had used bad taste as host. Oh, no. Carroll was collared for violating the Prohibition Act!

What mattered was what was in the bath tub and who was Carroll's bootlegger.

Before two Grand Juries, Carroll gallantly testified there was nobody, but nobody, in the bath tub and that he served nothing but ginger ale. Whereupon he was indicted for perjury, for too many other witnesses, under oath, said that Joyce was nude and cavorting in the tub and that it was overflowing with champagne. He was indicated for perjury and tried in Federal court.

The jury did not find him guilty of violating the Prohibition Act, but of saying that Joyce wasn't in the tub when (*continued on page* 74)

SATIRE

This sordid tale of decadence

in the Southland is offered with apologies to

William Faulkner, Truman

Capote, Tennessee Williams and

the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy

NO MORE MOURNING

CLINT ASHBY stood on top of Cottonpicking Hill and looked down the grassy and red clay slope covered with empty beer cans and old toupees, decaying magnolias and dog-eared copies of Havelock Ellis. Down there, at the bottom of the slope, where the sewer emptied, he would soon be meeting his gal Melissa. At last, she was returning from up north, coming back to the muddy, cruddy land she loved.

"Melissa," he shouted into the air, "where are you Melissa? My darling, my lover, my gal Melissa."

A thrill ran through him as he thought of Melissa's feet. "It's a treat to beat your feet in the mud," he sang. "It's a treat to beat your feet in the Mississippi mud . . ."

He remembered his cousin Lucia, the one who had introduced him to the excitement of the feet when he was a boy. She had come upon him, she who was ten years older and mildly encephelatic, and she had stepped her fat, bare feet on his until he had cried with pain. And he had seen her eyes become lighted with a strange fire as she jumped up and down like a hyperthyroid kangeroo. He had run home sobbing, wanting to hide himself. He had run into the barn and had hidden in the feed bin and wept so freely he'd diluted the feed mash and Paw had beat him. There had been other girls, Clara, Delia, Etta, Fiona; all of them memories of a togetherness that reached out into eternity.

But Melissa, his Melissa, her feet he had adored most of all. She had been shy and he had been tender and when he had stepped on her feet she had moaned with joy. He thought of her feet—of the tiny pink toes; six on each foot—he rolled his eyes.

"Clint!" he heard his name called. He turned about and saw Melissa, dressed in a flour sack dress like she used to wear before; her soft rounded figure bursting through, her long black hair dragging in the mud, her black eyes sparkling like Dr. Brown's sarsparilla.

"Melissa," he shouted. He swept her up in his arms and held her close. He wanted to step on her feet. Not yet, he told himself, not until he

(*continued on page 18*)

MY MELISSA

BY ALABAMA WILLIS

had taken off his shoes and she had taken off hers.

He could feel the excitement growing in him, roaring like raw corn liquor in his head.

"Well?" she said.

"Off," he said. "Take 'em off."

She shrugged her shoulders. She took out the ring from her nose and removed her false eyelashes.

"More, more," he shouted. He jumped into the air and caught on to the branch of a tree and swung like an ape. "More, more!"

She was casual, almost deliberate in the way she moved, almost as if she had done it over and over again. Clint was beside himself. Why didn't she take off her shoes? Slowly she took off her dress, then her underthings and finally she stood there nude with only her stockings and her shoes on.

"Your feet," he shouted, no longer able to control himself.

Melissa stared at him curiously. "What about my feet?" she asked.

"You've got your shoes on yet," he said. "How can I see your feet?"

She sighed and took off her shoes. Clint came close, kneeling down before her so he could look closer at her feet. Then Melissa took off her stockings.

He couldn't believe his eyes. "Melissa," he whispered, "Melissa, what happened. How terrible, terrible, terrible."

"What's wrong?" Melissa asked, looking at her feet.

"Oh," she said. "It is terrible. Corns. That comes from wearing tight shoes. Those corns hurt too, especially when it rains."

"Your feet," Clint cried. "Oh horror, horror, how could you let that happen to your feet."

"I didn't want it to happen," she said acridly. "But you know you can't go around with bare feet in the city and the tight shoes gave me corns."

"Is that all you have to say?" he said. His Melissa had corns on her feet. "Don't you remember how softly our feet used to meet?" he whispered.

"Oh that," she laughed. "Don't tell me you haven't gotten over that yet?" She stood laughing in the nude, careless and unrestrained, so that her breasts shook as she laughed, and her vulgar, defiled feet danced crazily up and down.

It was too much for Clint. First corns on her feet and now she was laughing at him. He got his hands around her throat and squeezed. She kept laughing and he squeezed harder until she coughed and couldn't laugh anymore and then her body went limp.

He sat down and looked across the dried stream. The police would come after him with bloodhounds and chase him through the hills as if he were a wild animal. He didn't care. He sat there in the brown mud and cried to himself about the corns on Melissa's feet.

"Oh, horror, horror, horror," Clint cried. He felt sick. His Melissa had corns on her feet.

"Let me know if I'm getting on your nerves."

MADEMOISELLE C. C.

He had to win the race, for if she lost, she was obliged to do anything he demanded. He pretended to fall, crying out in pain. Alarmed, she ran to help him, never dreaming what it would cost her.

She seemed so young, so pure, so innocent, but she led the world's greatest lover on a chase down the garden path that left him wondering who was seducing whom?

BY CASANOVA

I TOOK a public gondola, and we went to Saint Blaise, to a garden which I knew and which for a sequin I rented for the whole day so that nobody else could enter. It happened that neither of us had dined; so having ordered a good meal, we mounted to an apartment, whence after having unmasked we redescended into the garden. The amiable C. C. wore only a jacket made of taffeta and a small skirt of the same material; but she was ravishing in this light costume. My loving eyes pierced these veils, and my soul saw her naked; I sighed with desire, passion and restraint.

As soon as we came to the greensward, my young companion, as quick as a deer, seeing herself free on the lawn after having long been pent up indoors, started to run to the right and to the left, with all the signs of joy which animated her. Soon she stopped because out of breath, and she started to laugh at seeing me contemplate her in silence and in a sort of ecstasy of admiration. Soon, she dared me to race with her, I liked the idea; I accepted, but I wanted to interest her in a bet.

"The loser," said I, "will be obliged to do everything that the winner demands."

"I am willing."

We decided on the goal, and started. I was sure of winning, but I wanted to lose to see what she would condemn me to do. At first she ran with all her strength, while I was husbanding mine, so that she arrived at the winning post before me. While taking her breath, she thought of a good forfeit, then she hid behind a tree and asked me to find her ring. She had hidden it on her person, and in this way she placed me at liberty to search her. I found the idea charming, for I saw in it a clear intention. Nevertheless, I felt that I must not take undue advantage of her naive confidence, as it needed coaxing.

We sat on the lawn, I searched her pockets, the folds of her jacket, those of her skirt, then her shoes, and finally up to the garters, which were clasped over the knees.

Having found nothing, I continued my investigation, as the ring was on her person, and I had to find it.

The reader guesses, without doubt, that I suspected the charming hiding-place where my belle had placed it.

The ring was finally discoved between two of the most beautiful guardians that nature had ever fashioned; but I was so moved, my hand trembled quite visibly.

"Why do you tremble?" she asked.

"I tremble with pleasure on having found the ring, for you have hidden it so well! But you owe me a return match. This time you shall not win."

"We shall see."

We started, and not seeing her running very fast, I thought that I could overtake her at will. But I was deceived. She had saved her strength, and when we were two-thirds from the goal, advancing at once, she passed me, and I found that I was losing. Then I conceived a stratagem which never fails, I pretended to fall down headlong, uttering a cry of pain. The poor little creature stopped and ran towards me, quite scared, and helped me to get up, comforting me the while. While I was up and ahead of her I began to laugh, and starting to run, reached the goal, leaving her quite distanced.

The charming runner, astounded, said:

"Then you are not hurt?"

"No, because I fell down purposely."

"Purposely? To deceive me? I would not have believed you capable of that. It is not fair to win by fraud, and I have not lost."

"Certainly! You have lost, for I have reached the goal ahead of you. And, cunning for cunning, admit that you tried to deceive me by taking a spurt."

"But that is allowed, and your trick, my dear friend, is of quite another sort."

"It has brought me victory:

Vincasi per fortuna o per inganno
Il vincer sempre fu laudabil cosa."

Victory wrought of fortune or deceit,
Is ever victory and ever sweet.

"That is what I have heard my brother say quite often, but never my father. Well, I admit having lost. Command me, I shall obey."

(continued on next page)

"Wait. Let us sit down, for I must have time to think. I command you to exchange garters with me."

"Garters? You have seen mine. They are ugly and worthless."

"Never mind. I shall think twice a day of the person I love, and about the same time you will be forced to think of me."

"It's quite a pretty idea, and it flatters me. I forgive you now for having cheated me. Here are my ugly garters."

"Here are mine."

"Ah, my dear deceiver, how beautiful they are! What a nice gift! How they will please my mother! Surely they were a present to you, as they are quite new?"

"No, they are not a present, I bought them for you, and I have been searching my mind for a means of making them acceptable to you. Love it was that suggested making them the prize of a race. Now you can imagine my disappointment when I saw you on the point of winning. My vexation inspired a deceit founded on a feeling which honors you; for you must confess that you would have shown a bad heart had you not run to my assistance."

"And I am sure that you would not have employed this ruse had you guessed the pain it caused me."

"You take such a deep interest in me?"

"I will do everything in the world to convince you of it. I am delighted with my pretty garters. I will not have any others, and I shall see to it that my brother does not steal them."

"Would he be capable of it?"

"Quite capable, especially if the clasps are of gold."

"They are of gold. But tell him they are of gold-plated copper."

"But you shall teach me how to hook the pretty clasps."

"Yes, most assuredly."

We went to dinner. After the repast, to which as I remember we did equal honors, she became merrier and I more enamored of her, but likewise more to be pitied for the reason that I had imposed upon myself a hard duty.

Impatient to put her garters on, she begged me to help her, with the best intention in the world, and without coquetry or ulterior motive.

A young, innocent girl, who in spite of her fifteen summers had not yet loved, and who had not lived with other girls or frequented society, did not know the violence of passion nor understand what causes it. She certainly had no idea of the danger of a tête-à-tête. When instinct made her fall in love for the first time, she imagined the object of her love worthy of all her confidence, and she thought to return her love by showing an undeserved trustfulness.

Finding that the stockings were too short to clasp the garter over her knee, she said that she would put on longer ones. At once dexterously taking out of my pocket those that I had bought, I begged her to accept them. Joyous and grateful, she sat in my lap, and in the effusion of her contentment, she gave me all the kisses she would have given to her own father if he had made her a similar gift. I returned her kisses, trying to control the violence of my desires, and saying only that a single kiss of hers was worth more than a kingdom.

My charming C. C. took her stockings off and put on a pair which came about halfway up her thigh. The more I discovered her innocence the less I dared make up my mind to seize this fascinating prey.

We went back to the apartment which was rented to us. I ordered a good supper. We had seven hours before us, and my charming friend assured me that we should not be bored. She came to sit on my knees.

As I was thoughtful, she asked:

"Tell me what you are thinking about."

"I think that these garters have a privilege which I shall perhaps never have. How I would like to be in their place! I shall perhaps die of this desire, and I shall die unhappy."

"No, my dear, for I am in the same predicament, and I am certain I shall live. Anyhow, we can hasten our marriage. On my part, I am ready to give you my troth tomorrow, if you wish it. We are free, and my father will have to consent."

"You are quite right. Honor would force him to do so. Nevertheless, I must give him a mark of my respect by asking (*Continued on page 74*)

Art, Au Naturel

Finding a nude model is never a problem to this Parisian artist. She just doffs her duds and daubs!

"The most difficult part of painting one's self," says Nadine, "Is the sketching. It is hard to get proper perspective working with a mirror."

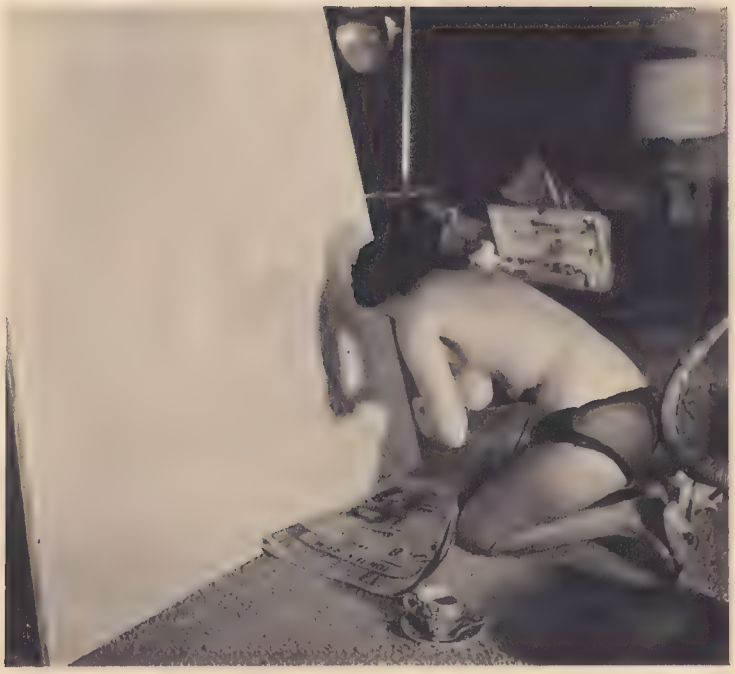
IN THE days of Lautrec, Gauguin, Van Gogh, the left bank of Paris was synonymous with the creed of "art for art's sake." Today, it is the same. In those days, artists labored in garrets, saving their pennies for oils, rarely able to afford the price of a model. Today, this too is unchanged.

But, the price of a model need not worry Nadine Sacha, a Parisian lass who, like her distinguished predecessors, would rather paint than eat. Nadine simply sets up her easel, doffs her garments, places her mirror strategically and she's all set to paint. At no cost, she's got a model who will pose exactly as she likes—every artist's dream.

Nadine works in oils, using a variety of brushes

(*continued on next page*)

Nadine tries various poses before starting work. Her final decision is based on artistic merit, but she also must take into consideration which position will be most comfortable for her as both painter and subject.



The rough sketch done, she arranges oils and brushes on the floor within easy reach. She then studies the flesh tones of her image in the mirror.

Nadine uses color liberally to obtain a striking contrast of lights and darks which captures the feeling of vibrant, living womanhood.

Art, Au Naturel *continued*

and a life size canvas. She uses color freely to obtain striking contrasts of lights and darks and her figures have a palpable feeling of flesh and bone.

Perhaps this realism is the result of her having such an excellent figure to paint. She is not alone in appreciating her qualities as a model. She has posed for leading painters and photographers in cities all over the world. She feels that seeing the world will give depth to her work and she supports herself by posing while traveling. She has roamed all over Europe, is currently in the United States and plans to continue traveling through South America and the Orient.

But, no matter where her travels take her, she will eventually return to the Left Bank of Paris which she considers her home and the spiritual home of all artists. Here, her travels and her command of English, German, Spanish and Italian in addition to her native French, make her a welcome addition to the Left Bank's polyglot population. Most of the inhabitants of this little segment of the City of Light have, like Nadine, traversed the world only to finally choose Paris.

Here, also, her talent commands the respect of her contemporaries. It is a talent which Nadine comes by naturally. Her father was a famous Parisian sculptor and her mother a fashion designer.

From them, she inherited not only her talent, but also an artistic attitude towards the human body. She feels no shame about nudity, only reverence for what nature has wrought. We might add that in her own case, nature has wrought exceedingly well.

Nadine, 26 years old, has been painting since she was a child. Parisian critics say her work shows great promise.

Nadine poses with the finished portrait. The job took only about an hour, but the resemblance is obvious.

From "Methinks The Lady," by Guy Endore, by permission of Duell, Sloan & Pearce

BY GUY ENDORE

SEDUCTION IN THE AFTERNOON

I thought: well now I must finally get to the bottom of this pin question.
So this pin is a symbol, I'd say to myself. Otherwise I
would not have been compelled to steal it. Now what
is it a symbol *of*? In a way, you see, I'd started an analysis
of myself. I asked myself why, where, when, how, who,
what for? And I found my mind utterly blank, which is
the common experience of most patients during their
first few hours of analysis.
Since my mind was blank and it seemed as if the pin
meant absolutely nothing to me, I decided to proceed
circuitously. I said: In the first place this is a *pin*. And
a pin is a fastener, a link, something that binds two
things together.
. . . two things together . . .
At that time, two still did not have the meaning that
it was to begin to have shortly, so I passed that by, finding
nothing significant there.
Blank wall.
Well, let's take another step. A pin Long and sharp.
A pin is woman's special weapon. And a redoubtable
one too. We so often read of a woman who puts a burglar
to rout with nothing but a pin. There's something
attractive and satisfying in such a story: rugged man
defeated by woman's cleverness, her incisive wit, her
sharp tongue, her stealthy way of gaining her point. Her
intuition. The art of sewing has something of that in
it. The sharp needle (a pin with a hole in it), and the
thread that follows the needle, like a snake, silently,
craftily. And though one stitch seems so feeble as to be
beneath man's notice, soon there are a whole series of
stitches and a garment is made, strong, durable, something
that man with all his muscle . . .
Pin, needle—no, I'm not getting anywhere with that.
Pin money? Means nothing to me, except that again
the pin is the feminine side . . .
If the symbol had anything to do with *pin*, or if pin were
the important part of the symbol that I stole, then would
not *any* pin have been all right? Why did my compulsion
insist so strongly on the *mermaid* (*Continued on page 76*)

She was a beautiful kleptomaniac.

He was a department store detective.

She couldn't keep her hands

off expensive jewelry. He couldn't

keep his hands off her!

MM and Lollo have heavenly bodies, but Kathy's torso is even more so. A Venus for real, she's loaded with sex appeal!

WORLD'S SHAPELIEST TORSO

AROUND the turn of the century, it was Lillian Russell and a few years back it was a tossup between Grable and Hayworth, but the girl with the shapeliest torso in the world today is 20-year-old stripper Kathy Lodge. That's what the International Society of Burlesque House Managers says, anyway, and who should know better than they? They awarded her the title over some of the strongest, most curvaceous competition in burlesque. She also gets the Scamp stamp of approval.

KATHY LODGE

A native of Baltimore, Kathy
has stripped in burlesque houses and niteries from
coast to coast. Her tantalizing
technique has made her a national favorite.

It's girls like Kathy, say
burlesque impressarios, that are restoring the pop-
ularity of the medium. Her act
is exciting, yet above any kind of moral reproach.

Kathy's is not the most
spectacular torso in burlesque—her measurements
are 38"-27"-37"—but, for
a relative newcomer, she tosses it like a veteran.

Chico Vejar (left) won the bloody fight against Pat Manzi, but the rugged sport of boxing lost the decision to the debutantes' decolletage.

When the ring's top bruisers

donned tuxedos instead of trunks,

the fight game took the count!

Former heavyweight champ James J. Braddock was a knockout in a white dinner jacket, but pretty model Barbara Moore drew the men's stares.

HARD-ROCK fighters such as Jack Dempsey, Harry Greb, Stanley Ketchel and Lew Jenkins—who fought through the mining camps, the hobo jungles and the blood-and-guts towns—wouldn't have believed it.

They'd be among the first to admit that boxing ain't what it used to be. Any old-timer will tell you that the guys are too soft, that there aren't enough fight clubs and that television has just about applied the coup de grace.

But nothing ever sent the game reeling so much as that cold night in February when boxing went formal in Atlantic City in an atmosphere of champagne and gladiolas, models in Lollobrigida costumes and net silk stockings up to here, red velvet ring ropes, more low-cut dinner gowns than you'd see in the Waldorf-Astoria on a Saturday night and everybody in tuxedos including the seconds and referee.

The "arena" was the erstwhile gambling room of the 500 Club, one of the leading nighttime bistros in the "playground of the world." The promoter was the "After Six" formal dress for men concern. The principals were Pat Manzi of Syracuse, N. Y. and Chico Vejar of Stamford, Conn. But the situation wasn't saved by the fact that you've seldom seen better fights in worse bar rooms.

Because the actual piece de resistance, in a room packed with five hundred diamond-studded "swells," was a fashion show with the accent on—believe it or not—male attire.

And the models, leggy and chesty as the motif dictated, were such magazine poseurs as heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson, former heavyweight king Jimmy Braddock—one-time refugee from the New Jersey docks—ex-light heavyweight king Tommy Loughran, current light heavyweight challenger Tony Anthony, middleweight Rocky Castellani, welterweight Billy Graham and 74-year-old former featherweight champion Abe Attell.

They looked, some of the boxing diehards insisted, like pall bearers for the fight game in New Jersey.

"This kills it for good," one of them scowled,

By J. C. QUALEY

the night the champs blushed

Tommy Loughran, one time light heavyweight champ, was a big hit with the mink set. His companion is Toni Ellis.

Abe Attell, an all-time ring great, was present with his wife. When the haute monde didn't recognize him, old-timers were disgusted.

Heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson and his beautiful new wife sported the latest fashions.

his mind dwelling on some of the boxing "shows" they used to put on in the Garden State.

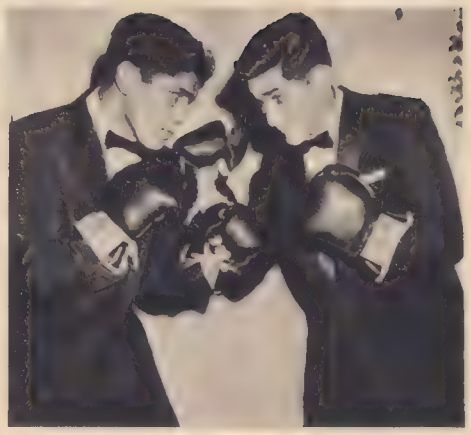
Obviously he was remembering when all you needed in New Jersey was a good fight. Like the time Dempsey and Georges Carpentier drew the first million dollar gate at Boyle's Thirty Acres in 1921. Or such well-attended brawls as those Luis Angel Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," fought against pantherish Harry Wills and giant Jess Willard. Or maybe the dandy put on by Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler or the blood bath between snarling Rocky Graziano and hatchet-faced Tony Zale.

But the fellow who said "the game's the thing," or words to that effect, was not referring to this fight program. Manzi and Vejar and their "main event" battle were almost an afterthought as Patterson, Braddock, Loughran et al strolled

(continued on next page)

Old-time boxing fans squirmed in embarrassment while socialites and models used the canvas for a dance floor.

While Referee Joe Mangold watched appreciatively, pretty model Eva Lynn let the fans know what round it was.



Even Vejar (left) and Manzi posed in formal attire at the weigh-in preceding the "gentleman's championship" bout.

the night the champs blushed *continued*

around the ring demonstrating the newest in male dress.

They looked just ducky!

Loughran played it straight in the conventional black tie and jacket. But, probably in deference to the days when he squared off against such roughnecks as Greb, Mike McTigue, King Levinsky and Al Ettore, he hastened to announce that when he fought in London it wasn't unusual for the "swells" to attend clad in tuxedos.

The ladies in the low-cut evening gowns, sitting at the ringside tables, didn't hear him. They were dropping their mink stoles heedlessly on the floor as they leaned forward to take in those broad Loughran shoulders and the surgically sculptured profile. Neither did the men. They were looking at the blonde draped on Tommy's muscular arm.

Braddock modeled a white dinner jacket. He kept staring at the long-stemmed gladiolas jutting from white vases on the lavishly curtained walls as if asking "what am I doing here?" Maybe he was remembering the days when he was a stevedore on the Jersey City docks or wondering what the reaction would have been from such former foemen as Leo Lomski, Charley Retzlaff and Dynamite Jackson.

Castellani, in a bolero mess jacket which was the green color of a guy belted in the bread basket, looked like a waiter. But he does own a saloon in Atlantic City where, incidentally, Harry Blitman set the United States record for knockdowns by decking Hal Murray 23 times in seven rounds back in 1931. Those were the days when it was the fight which was important.

Graham, who fought his way up off the streets of Greenwich Village, wore a dinner jacket in burnt ochre. That's the same sort of orange which tough Tony Pellone turned Billy's nose in the Garden one night several years back. In this outfit, Pellone would have murdered him.

Spry as a cricket, Attell hopped around the ring in top hat and tails, twirling an ivory-headed cane with gusto.

"Who is the old gentleman?" a bosomy matron swathed in diamonds and little else asked her escort at a ringside table.

"Search me," he said, straightening his tuxedo jacket. "I never heard of him."

One of the old-timers shot them a withering look.

"A real fight crowd," he growled. "Imagine, Abe Attell held the featherweight championship 12 years and loses *(Continued on page 78)*

FOR THE scampish literati who like flesh on the bones of their heroines, we proudly present a choice bouquet of jeunes filles par excellence to fit the descriptions set down by our more popular modern authors. The avant garde Faulkner fan, the realist who favors Hemingway, the reader who loses himself in the whimsical world of Wouk—those who read for pleasure and those who read for insight into life—all will experience a bookworm's delight as Scamp takes these ladies of literature out of the realm of imagination and presents them to view—in all their vibrant loveliness. A Scott Fitzgerald flapper, a Steinbeck circus wife, a Michener temptress—these and many more may be met on the following pages. And, for the Scamp who doesn't dig the semantic Kultur of of the modern word-slingers, visual kicks are provided by as voluptuous a selection of feminine pulchritude as can be found—in color yet! So, why delay? Flip the page. Look and learn!

PORTRAITS PAINTED

on a typewriter

Above: Virginia De Lee. She recreates heroine of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" on page 44. Right: Greta Thyssen acts out scene from Michener's "The Fires of Spring" on page 46. Far right: Tempestuous Carol Hill captures the spirit of the roaring twenties in her portrayal of F. Scott Fitzgerald's heroine in "The Great Gatsby." See next page.

CAROL HILL

"Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth . . ."

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

("The Great Gatsby")

There is about Carol, as there was about Fitzgerald's memorable heroine Daisy, "a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour."

Daisy was irresistible to men. She drove Gatsby to his death. Carol, you'll agree, is also irresistible. Fortunately, though, her beauty is not necessarily fatal.

Daisy was confused and callous. Carol is level-headed and sensitive about other people's feelings. But Carol, like Daisy, has tremendous personal magnetism.

LYNNE O'NEILL

"... a swirling glitter

upon a glittering swirl of music,

... predatory and discreet."

– WILLIAM FAULKNER

("Sanctuary")

Shadow dance of Lynne O'Neill captures tormented mood of Temple Drake, one of modern literature's most frenetic heroines.

The doomed beauty of "Sanctuary" is portrayed by Faulkner as having a "high, delicate head . . . her waist shaped slender and urgent in the interval, her feet filling the rhythmic gap with music."

(*continued on page* 40)

that son of a bum COLOMBO

At that time reigned a fair young queen
In Spain, named Isabella,
Who cast an amorous glance at Chris,
The Genoese young fella.
He said the world was round-o,
He knew it could be found-o,
That pioneering, bucaneering
Son of a bum Colombo.

Columbus went to Isabelle
To stock up his exchequer.
'Tis said he more than stocked it up,
The dirty low home-wrecker!
He said the world was round-o,
He swore it could be found-o,
That woman-baiting, calculating
Son of a bum Colombo.

The queen she said to Ferdinand:
"His scheme looks like a daisy!"
"To hell with him," said he, gallant,
"I think the guy is crazy!
He thinks the world is round-o,
And claims it can be found-o,
That aggravating, enervating
Son of a bum Colombo.

"It isn't ships or men he wants,
For something else he's shootin'
And if he hangs around you much,
He'll lose his head, you're tootin'.
He says the world is round-o,
And lies it can be found-o,
That me-encroaching, queen-approaching
Son of a bum Colombo."

Said Cristofor: "Now Isabelle,
Don't act so goddam funny.
I need the ships, I need the men,
So poney up the money!"
He claimed the world was round-o,
He hoped it could be found-o,
That always busted, never trusted
Son of a bum Colombo.

Said Isabelle: "Now, wait a while,
And cut out your flam-flimmin';
You've only asked for ships and men,
Now, how about some wimmin?"
You said the world was round-o,
And hoped it could be found-o,
You monarch-baiting, woman-hating
Son of a bum Colombo."

But finally she hocked her jewels
And gave our Chris the ticket,
And said how glad she was to find
Scientific men were wicked.
He swore the world was round-o,
And, shucks, it could be found-o,
That brave seafaring, never caring
Son of a bum Colombo.

When Chris sailed out to sea at last,
The queen was sad and tearful;
The king was laughing up his sleeve,
'T was his turn to be cheerful.
"He thinks the world is round-o,
By jinx, it can't be found-o,
That reeling, squealing, stealing
Son of a bum Colombo."

Colombo sighed most pensively,
He looked quite dissipated;
To leave the bars that fringed the docks
Was what Colombo hated.
He sighed the world was round-o,
And cried it could be found-o,
The whisky-guzzlin', women-puzzlin'
Son of a bum Colombo.

A boatswain's mate fell overboard,
The sharks did leap and frolic,
They ate him up with relish great,
But shortly died of colic.
They thought the world was round-o,
They thought it could be found-o,
That heathen-hating, navigating
Son of a bum Colombo.

The crew got riled and mutinied,
They drew their dirks and gatlins.
Colombo took a marlin spike
And chased them up the ratlines.
He cursed the world was round-o,
He swore it could be found-o,
That sailor-chasing, hell-a-raising
Son of a bum Colombo.

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
And when they sighted Salvador,
The crew went well-nigh frantic.
They knew the world was round-o,
They knew it had been found-o,
That ocean-crossing, whisky-tossing
Son of a bum Colombo.

They anchored off San Salvador
In search of girls and booty.
A pretty wench stood on the shore.
Said Chris: "Now, do your duty!"
He knew the world was round-o,
He knew it had been found-o,
That stop-your shoving, woman-loving
Son of a bum Colombo.

The sailors jumped into the surf
And tore off shirts and collars.
The Indian maid who welcomed them
Made twenty-thousand dollars.
She knew the world was round-o,
She claimed it had been found-o,
That women-baiting, captivating
Son of a bum Colombo.

He settled down to stay a while,
But things were not so pretty;
The sailors started to get drunk
Which really was a pity.
They shrieked the world was round-o,
They reeked, it had been found-o,
That heavy-headed, always dreaded
Son of a bum Colombo.

When Chris sailed back to Spain again,
The queen was still a-sinning,
But this time not with Chris, alas,
Another had his inning.
He shrugged: The world is round-o
I said, it could be found-o.
That poorly treated, badly cheated,
That son of a bum Colombo.

SCAMP'S
VAMP OF THE
MONTH

DORIE STEVENS
". . . fair and very beautiful . . . golden hair in short tight curls
...She was smiling, her face alight with a pleasant memory..."
—JOHN STEINBECK ("Burning Bright")

JAN O'BRIEN

"That perfect bust

...the sweet, exciting outward

curve of her hips...

shapeliest, whitest legs..."

—HERMAN WOUK

("Aurora Dawn")

The vision Wouk conjured up in his word picture of Laura "Honey" Beaton, the curvaceous, beautiful heroine of "Aurora Dawn," is fulfilled by Jan O'Brien.

"Her body was straight, strong and tall," said the novelist in describing "Honey." Here, Jan captures the fresh, natural appeal that charmed readers.

Although "Aurora Dawn" is set mostly in the metropolis of New York, the impression the reader gets of "Honey" is that of a simple country girl.

Like "Honey," Jan O'Brien makes her living as a model. Also like "Honey," she neither smokes nor drinks and is more interested in her career than in living it up.

"Aurora Dawn" headed the best-seller lists for many weeks. Its success, despite its lack of stress on sex, made it something of a puzzle to the realistic school of writers.

Although "this rare being was encased in a smooth, healthy skin," in the novel "Honey" is jilted by the hero. Jan too may boast a lovely encasement, but the possibility of her being jilted by any man in his right mind seems extremely remote.

VIRGINIA DE LEE

"... grey eyes ... wonderfully beautiful hair ... a lovely face and body and lovely, smooth skin, too."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY ("A Farewell to Arms")

Like Hemingway's Catherine, Virginia DeLee is sexy in a refined sort of way. Novel was written 25 years before Virginia was born, but she fits the description of Catherine.

One of the most memorable scenes in modern literature occurs in "A Farewell to Arms" when Catherine Barkley drops her reserve and is revealed as a vibrant woman with passionate desires.

GRETA THYSSEN

". . . about twenty, slim, blue-eyed, blonde and lovely in a breath-taking way."

JAMES MICHENER
("The Fires of Spring")

In "The Fires of Spring," the
temptress, Mary Meigs, proves overwhelmingly attractive
to the hero when he visits her in
her dressing room. Here, Greta re-enacts the scene.

The theme of Michener's book,
which might be summed up as a belief in the indestructi-
bility of youth no matter what
obstacles it encounters, is exemplified by Greta.

An honest appraisal of sex is
a quality Michener's work has in common with that of
other modern novelists. Greta's
sex appeal is also an honest part of her character.

Martha's "girls of the line" received ten dollars for ten minutes. She boasted that they entertained 500 men a day.

BY HOWARD RUSHMORE

THE MADAM OF MAIDEN LANE

Martha Camp and her fifteen soiled doves—these were the women who won the West—and they held onto what they won!

Martha Camp

MARTHA CAMP, despite her profession, was a conservative woman. When an occasional miner drifted into her Los Angeles bordello with talk of a bonanza strike in the Panamint mountains west of Death Valley, Martha would caution her excited girls with words of wisdom and experience, derived from years spent both as working prostitute and madam in a dozen mining camps of the West.

"When Wells Fargo starts hauling out silver and Panamint City elects a mayor and builds a church, then we'll move in," Martha told her brood. "Until then, it's just another wildcat town. We've got a steady business here."

By the summer of 1875, Martha decided that Panamint City was on the California map to stay and ripe for conquest. The town had grown to a population of 5,000 women-hungry miners, gamblers, professional killers and outlaws. True, Wells Fargo wasn't shipping out bullion because of too many holdups (one official of the stage coach line called Panamint "that suburb of hell") but it was running passengers in and one bright September day Martha arrived with fifteen of her girls to set up shop.

They found that Panamint had neither a mayor nor a church, but it did have two hundred stone houses, half of which were saloons. The town was built in and on the slopes of Surprise Canyon and consisted of one main street, the head of which was a thousand feet higher than the foot. Martha promptly staked out another street in a small canyon branching off Surprise and called it Maiden Lane.

And for the brief time that Maiden Lane flourished, it probably was the toughest and richest of the places along the frontier where the "girls of the line" made their contribution to the winning of the West. Butte had its Venus Alley; Cripple Creek had Myers Avenue and Reno its Stockade, but Maiden Lane wrote its own unique history.

Dr. Duncan Emrich, chief of the Folklore Section of the Library of Congress, once said of such women as Martha Camp: "The 'ladies' of the West who followed the gold and silver strikes brought with them the first semblances of civilization. More often than not, they were the first women in the camps, and their jewels, perfumes, sweeping skirts, gay bonnets and parasols made an instantaneous impression . . . the respectable, eyebrow-raised sisters who followed after condemned them, but the 'ladies' deserve full credit for softening the rough camps and making the advent of later civilization the easier."

But seventy-five years ago, Martha wasn't interested in tradition. Lots sold for $2,500 each in Panamint and Madam Camp bought three of

(continued on next page)

THE MADAM OF MAIDEN LANE

continued

Martha herself didn't drink, except on very special occasions. But she had no objections if her "girls" imbibed, as long as it wasn't during working hours.

them, thus creating an initial overhead that made a sizeable dent in her Los Angeles bank account. A canny female, Martha called the town's officials together and said: "I've got what your men want, but I've got no place to sell it. I want you to build me a row of stone cribs for nothing. Then we'll start in business."

The miners lost no time in launching the construction project. Most of them hadn't seen a woman for months and Martha's little row of mud-and-stone shacks went up in a record three day's time. As soon as a pail of water, a towel supply and a feather bed had been installed in each "residence" of the line, the miners queued up eagerly outside the doors. In later years, Martha liked to boast that her 15 girls entertained 500 men a day. Her rates were ten dollars for ten minutes, and some veterans of Butte and Virginia City objected to what they considered an exorbitant fee, but Martha told them simply and politely: "If you don't like my prices, go somewhere else." Since Madam Camp had no competition, the grumblers eventually capitulated.

With profits rolling in, Martha soon became a leading citizen of the town. She made the largest single contribution to the construction of Panamint City's first church and when it opened she attended with her girls, all primly dressed, minus rouge and all singing "Abide With Me" in their best soprano voices. It was an inflexible Camp rule that the only service in Maiden Lane on Sunday was a church service and one soiled dove who broke the rule and sneaked in half a dozen miners to her crib while Martha and the other "ladies" were in the house of worship was unceremoniously fired and sent packing by the first stage back to Los Angeles.

She also provided her own law and order. Panamint City was full of rough characters and inevitably the worst of them would start a row over Blanche, Frenchy or some other particularly favored "girl of the line." So Madam Camp hired three of the town's best gunmen to patrol Maiden Lane and maintain a certain amount of decorum. A contemporary historian estimated that in less than a year thirty men died inside or in front of the short row of stone shacks off Surprise Canyon.

Three of the girls died violently. One was Caroline, a busty blonde from New Orleans who became a favorite of a character known simply as "One-Shot Tex." As the nickname implies, this hombre was a deadly man with a frontier-model Colt and none of the miners opposed him. "Tex" purchased the favors of Caroline for a week at a time. But Martha, who was charged with the civic responsibility of taking care of 5,000 miners, decided that the blonde's one-man role put too much of a strain on the other girls and told "One-Shot" that he would have to share and share alike. The thought of his beloved being possessed by other men enraged the gunman and one night, full of lust and fire-water, "Tex" burst through the queue outside Caroline's door and shot her paramour of the moment. His aim was good, for the man died, but so did Caroline. "Tex's" bullet went through both of them. The miners waiting outside the door were properly enraged and took "One-Shot" out and hanged him without benefit of trial. All of Panamint City turned out for Caroline's (*Continued on page* 72)

Love in the WOODS

"Ze chase ees half of ze fun,"
say the French — so let's go!

(continued on next page)

Love in the WOODS

continued

When a lad and a lass —in this case, actor John Bromfield and actress Larri Thomas—take to the woods, they've usually got something in mind. But, it may not be what you're thinking!

WHILE American movie-makers are struggling under a strictly moral, 'twin-bed only' motion picture production code, their less inhibited continental contemporaries are latching on to many box office dollars by taking audiences into the privacy of the boudoir. Of late, foreign flicker-makers have taken sex out of the bedroom and are staging courtships in glen and dale, causing the censored Hollywood-ites to really raise their megaphones in protest.

Why is love in the woods so attractive to film goers? "Because ze chase ees more zan half ze fun," one successful Gallic director explains.

"Ze fun" is denied American directors. They have to keep cool—on-screen and off. However, two young thespians, Larri Thomas and John Bromfield, decided to rebel against such censorship. Since they couldn't do it in movies, they staged their protest for the benefit of Scamp's still camera—and a sizzling protest it is!

"This is the kind of acting I like," remarked Larri demurely. "Love scenes should be realistic."

"I suppose that's why you're wearing a nightgown in the woods," answered John, who obviously carries pragmatism beyond the limits of common masculine sense.

"Why not? Where else would you wear a nightgown? You know I don't wear them in bed!"

Oh, by the way, in case we forgot to mention it, in real life John and Larri are known as Mr. and Mrs. Bromfield. Satisfied, Mr. Censor? Okay then, Lights, Camera, Action—let's get on with "ze chase."

The sound of a man's footsteps on the stairs and then a knock at the door announcing Alice's first patron—but he was no ordinary customer!

Alice was just a kid, but circumstances and a need for ready cash drove her to Ma Heller's place. Now she lay on the bed in panic and waited for her life of sin to begin!

HER FIRST 10 BUCKS

By HAROLD D'AULNY

SHE lay on the bed, waiting. Downstairs there was laughter and the low sound of the phonograph, but it drifted up remotely to her room. Outside in the hall there were occasional sounds of voices and the scuffle of feet, but none of the footsteps paused at her door.

It was her first day on the job at Ma Heller's Place, as the men in the rough Canadian mining town called the two-story frame building set discreetly behind a hill out of sight of the downtown district. She had come that morning and the big woman with the white hair and the cherubic face had looked her up and down with calculating eyes.

"You've never worked in a place like this before?" asked Ma Heller.

"No," Alice said quietly. "Don't I look the type?"

"You sure don't," Ma said. "But it's none of my business. The rules are simple. Ten bucks for ten minutes. I get back five. You eat and sleep here. The doctor comes once a week. What you make depends on how the miners like you. Want to try?"

"I don't have much choice," said Alice.

So Ma had taken Alice and introduced her to the other girls. They were older and the five of them had looked her over with the same curious smile that Ma had shown. They were sitting around having coffee in the kitchen and Marge, a buxom blonde, poured Alice a cup.

Later, when Marge was showing her the bedroom in which she was to work, Alice blurted out: "Is it as bad as I think?"

Marge glanced at her. "That depends. It is if you hate men. Every time one of them knocks on that door, you'll hate them even more. But if you like guys, well—then it can be different. Most of these miners are good Joes. So it all (*Continued on page 72*)

A literate lass with a penchant for Thoreau, Verna follows the sun, while Scamp, lucky fellow, follows Verna.

BACK TO NATURE GIRL

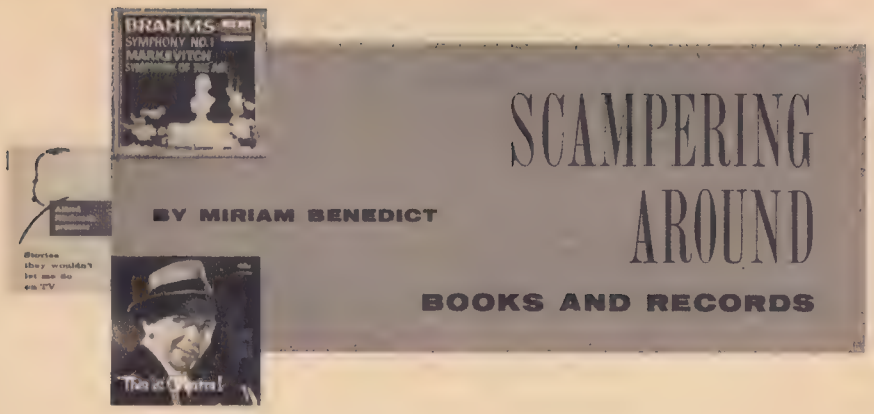
A dream come true. That's what her vacation was to Verna, who works as a showgirl at the Moulin Rouge.

Here Verna watches the dying sunset. She is enraptured by this many-hued beauty of nature, says that it's the greatest show on earth.

The outdoorsy type, Verna's a nature lover with a lovely nature to match her natural loveliness.

When Verna Weir forsook the trappings of civilization to live it up country style, there was a Scamp hiding in her Garden of Eden—a Scamp with a camera!

A person of many moods, Verna's sold on the outdoor life as an environment which encourages thinking.



THE THIRD EYE (Doubleday, $3.50) is written by a man who calls himself T. Lobsang Rampa, mostly to avoid Communist reprisals against his people in Tibet. His life in that ancient civilization, as he trained for the life of a lama, would in any case be outrageous to the class strugglers. Born to a princely household, Lobsang early was initiated to the training which makes Tibetan nobles expert in a judo far advanced from the Japanese, horsemanship that pales our best rodeo riders, and a form of flying unknown to the Western world—traveling *inside* a box-kit. Unknown even to most Tibetans are the secrets of the Lamaseries, into whose highest arts Lobsang was initiated. The Third Eye means exactly what it says; the third eye, hidden in all humans, which gives clairvoyants their extra-perceptive power, and which in Lobsang was completely opened. The simplicity of the telling gives complete credibility to all these arts of the adept of which he tells.

* * *

In STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV, (Simon and Schuster, $3.95) Alfred Hitchcock pretends to be a frustrated film director, bilked of a chance to commit his pleasurable cinematic mayhem. A quick glance at the volume exposes Alfie for what he is; an expert at collecting unfilmable short stories, masterpieces by virtue of the very tenousness and subtle, impalpable horror that put them out of his particular bounds. Here are such delicious tidbits as "Being a Murderer Myself," told by an unrepentant and unpunished killer; "The Voice In The Night," with its creeping, miasmic, unseen but unescapable horror; John Collier's "The Lady On The Grey," that straightfaced classic of medieval witchcraft brought up to date. There is even a lady-or-tiger that will leave you tingling with its unsolved dilemma. Let Alfie complain as he wishes; the limitations of TV have given him a whale of an excuse for compiling a veritable Pandora's box of wickedly entertaining stories.

* * *

PARIS BLUES (Ballantine Books, Inc., paperbound, 35c hardbound, $3.00) marks the emergence of yet another TV talent into print, and a grateful debut it is. Harold Flender tells the story of American jazz musicians in Paris; tells it honestly, movingly, and as compellingly as the rhythms his characters create. The strength of the novel lies in its straightforwardness; though some of the characters are Negroes, there is not a single dialect sentence or picturesque act to mark them as a breed apart. They are people as the jazz world knows them. It's a book about people, people met anywhere; here met in Paris, with the subtle impact of that city on Americans — and Americans on the volatile French. An easily-read, quickly moving story.

* * *

THE FOURTH WAY (Knopf, $6.50) by P. D. Ouspensky, is a work labeled philosophy; but so endlessly practical and down-to-earth it belongs on the shelf of anyone interested in enjoyable, productive living. Ouspensky has devoted a lifetime to what has been labeled philosophy and occult studies, which is a pity. Actually, even a casual dipping into his book reveals, in one sentence, more solid sense than in the whole span of most self-help books. In fact, the make-yourself-better volumes are but extensions of one or the other of the many basic truths expounded here. Instead of wading through a lot of wordage to find out how to have more energy, more knowledge, more sheer fun out of living, try the nuggets here.

* * *

Told in slick and salty style are the tales in PIRATE by A. B. C. Whipple (Doubleday, $4.50). The man who wrote all about Yankee traders in the South Seas here tells all about pirates —and what he doesn't tell probably isn't worth knowing. Piracy was a hard life; those who survived a losing battle with some big frigate, as the author says, lived only long enough to be taken to the hangman's rope. Yet before the almost inevitable end, there were the slashing cutlass battles, the wenching, the pretense of respectability in capturing a French or Spanish prize. To say nothing of the treasure, much of which is still stashed about, and for which the author gives maps, locations, and instructions for finding.

* * *

THE MAGIC of Sinatra has been distilled by Capitol Records into two new albums, CLOSE TO YOU (W789) and THIS IS SINATRA! (T768). Frankie, employing every trick, every nuance, garnered in the nearly two decades of his popularity, adds the unsubtle sex that shot him to the top in the first place, and a certain patina that comes only with practice. Result — artistry. Pure artistry. This, indeed, is Sinatra—better than ever.

* * *

Decca continues on its astonishing policy of finding the freshest and liveliest in the music world for their Gold Label Series and presenting these treasures in highly listenable form. In their album DL9900, the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Ferenc Fricsay and with Margrit Weber at the piano play three light, entertaining pieces by as many composers. Despite its imposing name, Arthur Honegger's "Concertino for Piano and Orchestra" is strictly jazz, with a wailing overtone of the blues. Jean Francaix also has a Concertino, lighter and gayer, with less jazz and more melody. Of all people, Richard Strauss is the third, with an aptly-titled "Burleske" in which waltz themes are done to death with an impudent rhythm. The Gold Label Series has corralled another radio orchestra, this time our own Symphony of the Air, whose first recording under Igor Markevitch is the Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, (DL9907). Perhaps the most romantic of his symphonies, it's here given a particularly lush treatment, bringing out all the drama, fantasy, and brilliant melodic line of the work. Markevitch is a conductor of temperament, in the best sense; it's reflected in the album. ●

"All right, now Miss LaRose, we're back to the first time you had your picture taken."

FAYE PENICK

ARLENE STEVENS

YVONNE RENARD

PENNY PARKER

NONA VAN TOSCH

A BLONDE

Left: For the birthday he'll never forget, here's Faye Penick, a girl well worth remembering. Above: Scamp's vamp for the Fourth of July is combustible Arlene Stevens.

FOR EVERY OCCASION

Left: Straight from Cupid's bow comes Yvonne Renard, a lissome lass to brighten any Scamp's Valentine Day.
Center: Penny Parker's a card—a cuddlesome 'Get well quick' card to raise the temperature of any male invalid.
Right: He'll just love ducking for apples on Halloween with bewitching Nona Van Tosch.

FOR THE MAN with a well-stocked liquor cabinet — for the man with the compleat wardrobe—for the man who's read all the latest books, owns all the latest records, has seen all the latest shows — in short, for the man who has everything, here's the perfect gift for any occasion: A blonde! That's right, give him a beautiful blonde, and he'll thank you for it.

Tears of gratitude will come to his eyes when he opens that birthday package and gazes upon the pulchritude within. "Just what I always wanted," he'll exclaim when he sees what's in his Christmas stocking. And, the old man will know that he's really loved when he finds a flaxen-haired beauty at his place at the breakfast table on Valentine's Day.

Here at last is the solution for the office help faced with the problem of a parting present for the fellow sated with the material things of life. Here is the answer for the visitor to the convalescent who has been denied candy and liquor. (Blondes are both sweet and intoxicating.) Here is a gift that'll last him as long as he lives—and keep him lively as long as he lasts.

On these pages, you'll find the latest in blonde design. Streamlined and jet-propelled, they come in all hair-shades and the most desirable shapes. It must be remembered, however, that these attractively packaged ladies are not themselves available. They are strictly for show and if any of you Scamps want a present for a friend, you'll just have to go out and do your own shopping.

When you do, don't be a bargain hunter. Remember, it's the upkeep that adds up—sometimes to the whole bank balance. Invest wisely—with an eye on the long-term returns. The best buys often cost as little as a wedding ring!

(continued on next page)

A BLONDE FOR EVERY OCCASION

(continued)

JUNE MITCHELL

MARTY NEWTON

CAROLINE LAMBERT

VIRGINIA BELL

LILLI LASANDE

JANET BONDLEY

The fellow fortunate enough to spend Thanksgiving Day with happy-go-lucky June Mitchell will really have something special for which to be thankful.

For Washington's Birthday, Marty Newton's real George. She's a lovely lady who makes every day a holiday and makes a holiday particularly worth celebrating.

When Christmas rolls around, luscious Caroline Lambert's just the girl to brighten up the Yule-tide season for the Scamp who has everything.

Even a gentleman south of the Mason-Dixon Line couldn't resist celebrating Lincoln's birthday with Virginia Bell.

To commemorate Columbus Day, we recommend Lilli Lasande, a beautiful discovery to surprise any Scamp.

Labor Day marks summer's end and what could be nicer to close his vacation with than vivacious Janet Bondley? There's always an occasion for this blonde.

DEPEND ON AUNT ELLY

(*Continued from page 4*)

put out her cigarette and stood up.

"Let him go," she told the cops. "You won't need him. I'll cop a plea."

"That'll save trouble all around."

When they let the Pfc go, on the courthouse steps, he tried to kiss her cheek; he was that green. She stalled him with a handshake, wishing he'd scram.

"I'll make it all up to you, Wilma," he assured her, while she wondered just how. And walked off without looking back. She never saw him again.

"It's what I get for playin' the streets," she thought resignedly in her cell that night. "I'd be better off in a house." But she'd never seriously considered such a step: it was too final.

She'd come to Texarkana to work in a defense plant the year before; when the plant closed she had a small car and a savings account besides. Home had been a railroaders' boardinghouse, at a whistle stop called Dustland, in the Oklahoma sand hills. In Texarkana she'd grown fond of her freedom and careless of her love. She had decided to stay on. The car had come in handy then.

"They got a room waitin' for you at the Roxy over on Fourth," one of the older hands had once apprised her. Wilma was disdainful. She was planning, indolently, to get out of the racket. "I don't want to get in that deep," she'd told the old hand. "I'm just in this game temporary."

In the morning she paid a fifteen-dollar fine and fifteen in costs, and returned to her room to get some sleep. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she remembered her mother saying as she drifted dreamily toward sleep.

She was wakened by a knocking as abrupt as machine-gun fire; only soldiers and police knocked like that at such an hour. She glanced at her watch. Six a.m. on the nose.

"Judge Nix wants to see you again. We'll wait downstairs," they told her through the door.

"If they keep this up I'll have to go over to Fourth Street just for the protection," she reflected irritably. She dressed lazily, looking out at the first metallic glint of day on the roof of the hay, feed, and grain store next door. Another scorcher.

At the curb the driver opened the rear door for her. He was a red-necked Okie from the Indian dust lands who could have been her uncle Ollie. Never said much, but had always been half friendly in an embarrassed hick sort of way.

When Judge Nix came out of his anteroom he had to be assisted to the bench by a matron; a pallid old man with a shake in his head and in his voice, supported by a tidy-looking middle-aged blonde with a full figure and hair done in a neat bun. It was the first time Wilma had set eye on Elly Harper and it wasn't to be the last. She came around and stood beside Wilma as though Wilma were long-expected company, one hand touching Wilma's elbow too familiarly; while old Nix read something about being escorted somewhere by a woman. She didn't get it. But she heard Elly's throaty voice by her side.

"Don't worry about a thing, Sissie. All you got is a little dose. You'll be back on the hustle in two weeks. You depend on Aunt Elly."

Another matron piled in the car beside them, and she was being squeezed tightly by the two big women.Wilma didn't like being touched and squeezed.

She knew she wasn't ill, but felt too indifferent to argue over something it wasn't going to do any good to argue about anyhow. I guess what she means is I need a good rest, she hoped vaguely as the car was wheeled south.

"I got my own car," she offered. "I could drive my own car if we got far to go."

Neither woman replied.

"Where *are* we going?" she demanded at last.

"Alexandria."

That seemed a long way to go for a rest.

"That's a good girl," Elly reassured her after another long minute of silence. And Wilma felt the older womans' hand on her knee when she said it.

* * *

In the fields, on the cottonseed-colored road to the main building, Wilma glimpsed barefoot women, in long blue denim dresses, cutting Johnson grass with sickles. Their hair had been clipped and they worked aimlessly, like mad women. Wilma had a mute panic, all to herself, that she was being taken to an asylum.

The main building looked like a long, low-lying field hospital, hastily erected on some alien plain: women were living in tents around it. These — minor offenders and trustees — turned their heads toward her with something of resentment, Wilma fancied, at the intrusion. Elly Harper left her in a small office to have her clothing checked.

She'd put an extra pair of oxfords in her bag, which she'd been planning to give her mother up in Dustland. But then the old lady went barefoot most of the time, so she told the checker she could have them.

"You'll need them yourself, Sis," the girl answered, "You'll be goin' barefooty yourself without them."

"That's all right," Wilma told her with confidence. "I'm only here for the two-week treatment and a little rest."

"You're here for three years at hard labor, Sissie," the girl answered softly, without raising her eyes. "'Less you got cash in the bank."

That evening Wilma had her hair clipped and was assigned to the vats. The next morning she fell out in front of a matron and asked to be taken off.

"You any good with a sickle?" the matron asked, eyeing her head to toe. "You look too small to me."

Wilma had never seen a sickle. But she said yes, she was pretty handy with a sickle. That's what she thought of the vats.

She found out what a sickle was all right. Cutting the Johnson grass out of the sweet-potato patches without gloves, taught her that in two strokes.

"I believe in bein' good at whatever you are," Wilma's cell mate, Katherine, said one afternoon when they were working side by side in the field. "I told the judge I was a hustlin' gal 'n a damned good one 'n if he give me a conviction I'd be a damned good con. But what I don't see is how could anyone be good at bein' a sheriff. He'd have to arrest his own mother to be a *real* good one, I guess.

"I'll tell you now," she confided to Wilma, "I don't know what's happenin' to me. My dad was a Christian man, but when he died he didn't leave a cryin' dime, I found the easy way to live, because we'd always lived easy when he was alive; but this place is more'n I bargained for with that judge. I feel like somethin's happenin' to me inside."

Two nights later Katherine tried to climb the bars. "The gang's comin'," she warned Wilma. "They're after us all."

In the morning she was put in solitary, and came back subdued three days later. She didn't have another spell until she'd been visited by her common-law husband. When he left, Katherine paid a matron to bring her benzedrine.

In the night she wakened, crying that searchlights were shining into the cell, that someone kept staring at her out of the little unshaded night bulb of the corridor. A tiny bulb-face, pale and unblinking, hung

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Harley Decoteau, Montpelier, Vt., says: ... "The last brace you sent me was wonderful. I have been ruptured for 30 years. I am now 36, and in 30 years, I have never been more pleased."

Stanley C. Forbes, Rockville Center, L.I., N.Y. writes: "... What a Godsend it is to me now as I wear my RUPTURE-EASER. I can sleep with it. It feels so wonderful I will more than recommend it to everybody ... I am now able to go back to work."

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there to watch her all night long. When Wilma soothed her she held a muttered conversation with her brother, who had been killed over Cologne: he was overhead in a helicopter, trying to find a place to land.

Ten cigarettes a week to the well-behaved, and minor illness was considered bad behavior. Wilma had to see Katherine hauled bodily out of the cell and carried out to the sweet-potato patch: to be left lying with the sun beating mercilessly upon her till dusk. She wasn't turning out to be as good a con as she'd thought she'd make.

What is it to them or Christ above that we sweat and hope for freedom? Wilma thought fretfully. It made no difference, she perceived, either to God or Aunt Elly.

Wilma had been at Alexandria twelve days when she was assigned to an ironing board at the laundry. The laundry came in every night from the men's prisons at Tucker and had to be gotten out by noon of the following day. Heavy, backbreaking labor. On Okie stew, without pepper or salt. On Sundays a slab of side-bacon two inches long.

"I did the two weeks," she reminded Aunt Elly. "I got the treatment."

"Your treatment is just starting, Sissie," Elly assured her.

"Two more weeks 'n I'm going over the hill." Elly looked at her to see if the little one meant that; and must have been convinced, because, on the day before her fourth week was up, she leaned over Wilma's ironing board.

"You got a car, Sissie. It ain't doing you much good in here. How much you got in cash?"

"I got 750 in the bank in Little Rock," Wilma boasted.

"For that much you can get a real break—with the car, of course."

"For that much I'll take a commitment of sentence," Wilma said, meaning a commutation.

"I can't do nothing for you about a commutation."

"And I can't do nothing for you about a car."

That Elly Harper. She had fifteen lifers furloughed to all parts of the country, and every blessed woman of them sending her fifty dollars a month just to stay on furlough.

"Business is business," Aunt Elly would say. "It's worth it to them to stay out 'n it's worth it to me to keep 'em out. Saves the taxpayers the cost of keeping them too. *Everybody* benefits."

Five minutes after the morning bell Wilma suddenly pulled the plug on the iron. "I don't know to this day why I did that," Wilma wondered later. "I never did that till I was through for the day and I'd only been workin' five minutes. I looked up *after* I pulled it, with the plug still in my hand, and Elly was hookin' her finger at me in the door. I never been back to that iron board since."

Elly drove her up to Little Rock and she got a change of ownership for the car and withdrew her 750.

"Now," Wilma said cautiously, before handing Elly a dime, "I want mine."

Elly handed her the paper and Wilma handed her the money and the change of ownership.

In the hotel in Texarkana the Okie cop stood brooding over the paper: it wasn't right. He shook his head hopelessly as he handed it back.

"You ain't got no commutation, Sissie," he told her. "All you got is a furlough."

Wilma sank on the bed. What next? she wondered weakly.

"If she don't get that half a bill on the first of the month she'll get old Nix up in the middle of the night to get it. She won't stop at nothin', that one won't," the Okie warned her sympathetically. "You can depend on Aunt Elly."

"I said seven-fifty," Wilma told herself wistfully, with slow realization. "She would of took a hundred if I'd said a hundred."

And at that moment Wilma seemed to feel, ever so faintly, the lingering touch of Elly Harper's hand upon her knee.

* * *

It was in the house on Fourth Street that Wilma met this flat-faced clown, this Cherokee lush called Baby Needles. He used to come into town for fights in the Arena, and was billed for just what he was: a ring clown, an aging pug who made up for everything he didn't know by invariably falling through the bottom strand when coming into the ring, after preparing for a light spring over the top rope. When he'd catch a stiff one he made a point of applauding the blow with his gloves and grinning whitely with his mouthpiece. And when fighting a negro he got laughs by scrubbing the fellow's poll in the clinches.

Paris was a dry town because of the army camp there. So, win or lose, every time he fought there he'd grab a bus and get over to Texarkana before the bars closed. A hundred miles wasn't a long jaunt for Baby for a bottle. He'd gone ten rounds, more than once, just for the drinks.

Yet he always visited her cold sober; and so regularly that she decided to put a stop to it. She stood in the middle of the room, in a flowered and faded kimono, a frowsy little bleached blonde with bad teeth and bloodshot eyes. She'd cry every time he came to see her.

"Quit yer bawlin'," he'd tell her. "You got a loaf of bread under yer arm 'n yer bawlin'. Look at the beatin's I take 'n *I* ain't bawlin'."

"I take a beatin' every time you see me here," she confessed. "I can't stand for you to see me here, I don't know why."

"Then whyn't you get out 'n go to work?

"Because it's too late, stupid. I'm good for nothin' now. I'm a piece of

trade. Where else could I make what I'm makin' here?" She didn't mention the reason she had to be making it, and he couldn't tell her where else. Just stood there looking at her as if he'd never seen a woman before, till she had to turn from his gaze.

"I don't want you to come to see me no more," she told him. "I got enough troubles already. I got more troubles than Dick Tracy." He had an easy smile all right; she had to look out the window to keep from crying.

Heard him pause in the doorway, trying to decide whether she meant it. "I mean it all right," she told the window. "If you come again I won't see you." She could see his reflection, blurred and wavering, with the hall light burning dimly behind it.

"Get your hat," Baby Needles said. Just like that. "Get your hat."

She lit a cigarette, the flame trembling with her fingers, and watched the reflection burn to a charred ash in the pane. "You don't get paid for clowning in here," she told him, looking him up and down as though to ask who did he think he was anyhow. He opened the clothes-closet door and flung her hat and coat across her lap.

They were married in a tourist camp outside of Dustland: she was going to show her old lady a legal husband. But the sand hills weren't much for a honeymoon, and two days was all she could stand. On the night that they returned to Texarkana she looked up the Okie cop with another piece of paper in her hand. She had the idea that she was free of Elly Harper.

The Okie shook his head in that hopeless, lop-eared way. "Gittin' married don't git you out of no conviction," he drawled, handing her back the license. "Sissie, I jest can't see no way out of payin' that Elly fifty a month 'cept by doin' three years at that iron board." He paused. "Does that pug know about this deal?"

"He knows nothin,," Wilma admitted. "I was afraid to tell."

"I guess he wouldn't like fer you to be makin' any change of yer own on the side now, neither," the Okie suggested artfully.

Wilma shook her head. "No, He ain't like that. He clowns a lot. But he wouldn't clown around about a thing like that." She felt strangely proud of him in that moment, realizing, for the first time, that she was a respectable woman married to a respectable man.

Baby Needles was a slow-moving, slow-thinking, slow-mannered sort of devil who'd always taken his time and, until he'd met Wilma, had never wanted anything very much outside of a flop and a bowl of beer. He'd been born on a reservation, a quarter-blood Cherokee with a little Mex tossed in. He came of a long line of ne'er-do-wells and was strictly in the family tradition. He didn't know who his old man was, but it was a cinch it wasn't anybody who worked for a living. The little he knew about fighting he'd picked up around East Texas oil country, when money had been easy and opposition wasn't too tough.

Because the Baby didn't like to be hurt. He liked to dish it out. But he didn't like taking it. He'd been through six managers in ten years of pugging, and each had given him the go-by because he couldn't come from behind. You couldn't make him mad.

What he had in the trade was a wheeling left hand that was neither a hook nor a jab, but the slanting blow of a man with a scythe: it cut up or down, but always sidewise like a scythe. For fifty bucks, when he wasn't on the bottle, he could be dangerous.

For a hundred, it developed suddenly—and sober—he was murder.

Perhaps it was fear that put him out in front the first time he fought for a century note: he had plenty of that in him. But he got out in front at the bell, and it was over before the faint clanging of the bell had died away.

That was in the little open-air arena on the outskirts of Paris, the week after they came back from Dustland, against a kid from the 99th Division at Camp Maxey. The kid was one of those soldiers' champions who'd looked like a comer around the camp PX. It was the first time he'd fought for folding money.

Baby got to him at the bell, when the boy fell away from Baby's right. He fell into the left, and Baby brought his elbow up to clinch it while his other glove braced the nape of the boy's neck, to keep the shock from being cushioned by a roll of the head: held with rigid stealth, the brain took the full brunt and Baby stepped back. The boy went face forward as though he'd been blackjacked. One minute and twenty-nine seconds of the first round. And the easiest hundred Baby had ever earned. He could do it when he wanted to all right.

"That wasn't no white man's punch," Wilma heard some soldier complain.

"Well, he ain't no white man," another threw in. Wilma turned on the pair of them.

"He's the whitest man who ever breathed," she told them hotly.

The pair had just looked at each

(*Continued on page 68*)

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other and grinned. Some white man.

That was the first time Wilma had seen Baby in the ring: he looked strangely different there than he had under the little naked bulb of the room on Fourth Street. His shoulders jutted like wind-bitten rocks; and when that ridged left hand had cut downward, the right had come up and the jutting elbow had come with it. His hands, that had always been so gentle with her, and had always felt rather small, were, she saw as the gloves were being cut off, as large as a heavyweight's

His brows had been almost beaten off, leaving two thin red wires of scar tissue over the eyes: but the eyes were protected by the Indian cheekbones; the pupils themselves were as flat and black as his Indian hair. Without light as they were without depth, and half concealed by the loose and naked lids, they were the eyes of any Arizona sand turtle staring up at some ancestral sun.

For the Baby had one thing few fighters possess: he never blinked. Close up or from the opposing corner, whether he was hit or whether he was dishing it out: the picture of his opponent was never blurred for a moment in his brain by that involuntary snap of the lids which can cost a fighter a critical advantage. That's something a fighter either has or doesn't have: you can teach a man almost anything, but you can't teach him not to blink.

In the ring he fought leanly now, on his toes, like an aging tomcat. And wouldn't stand to be billed as a clown any more. Baby Needles was getting pride.

After his fifth straight win in Paris some newspaper bird in Dallas called Baby's left a bolo punch. He said that Baby even looked like Garcia. Maybe he did. But that left didn't look like Garcia's any more than Wilma looked like Jane Russell. You could tell them apart all right.

Baby could get by for a Garcia against the Post Exchange champions, but Fort Worth was tougher. Yet in his first fight there he gave away fourteen pounds against some farmer and cut him down in eight rounds. Fought him the following Saturday and beat him in two.

He was getting better. The papers said so. He was the best thing in middleweights in ten years. The papers said. He reminded one writer of Mickey Walker. He reminded another of Leo Lomski. So right away somebody had to write in and remind everybody that Lomski had been practically a heavyweight. He reminded everybody of somebody.

But he only reminded Wilma of Elly Harper. She wrote Wilma twice and Wilma tore the letters up without opening them. She didn't have a dime of her own to send and she couldn't bring herself to tell Baby and spoil everything.

* * *

He won twice in Dallas, repeated in New Orleans, and hadn't had a drink in eight months when the telegram came from Chicago, guaranteeing five hundred dollars and expenses. Two hours later the pair of them were on a Chicago-bound bus. Wilma made him sit next to the window. She was always getting between him and other people, protectively. She was afraid of the jokers who always wanted to hand Baby a bottle.

They took a room in a second-rate hotel around the corner from the bus depot and a reporter phoned up from the lobby.

"Ain't nobody here to talk to you," Baby told the reporter.

"What's the matter with your manager?"

"I fired him," Baby answered. "He was bad luck." Telephones were bad luck too. And reporters. He didn't know about Puerto Ricans. He'd never fought one before.

But the reporter caught Wilma in the lobby, and the morning sport page carried a little item about how Baby Needle's blonde bride was also his manager.

Baby didn't mind And Wilma was tickled pink; it didn't take much to tickle her.

"It's funny to think of *me* managin' *you* though," she confessed. She hadn't thought of it that way before. As though anybody ever managed a man like Baby. He fought as he felt like, for as long as he felt like, in the manner he felt like. He'd never fought two fights alike, even against the same man. He'd forget how he'd done it the first time.

Now he stretched out on the bed with one great copper hand shielding his eyes as though from an anticipated blow. He'd never wanted a drink so badly in his life

Wilma wandered aimlessly about the little room, hanging up their clothes; stood a long minute at the window watching the unfamiliar street below.

Then went wandering the unfamiliar streets all the long forenoon, just to let him be alone. In a dime store she bought a charm: a ten-cent rabbit's foot, for luck. And returned to the room proud of her purchase.

She laid the little foot beneath his hand, so he'd be certain to see it upon wakening and be pleased.

He wakened sullenly, without saying her name, and apparently without even seeing the lucky foot at all. She was in for one of his sullen moods, she saw. It was the Indian in him coming out right before a fight, she had once thought; only now she knew better: it was his thirst for the booze she wouldn't let him have, that was all. She picked the paw off the floor and put it in her purse, and when she opened it she saw the letter from Elly: he had opened it. She didn't say a word. She didn't even ask when it had arrived.

He should have had more sleep, she thought, walking beside him, carrying his bag down Wabash toward the Coliseum. She kept hold of his arm when they passed the suckers lining up for tickets. As though they might mob him.

They didn't even know who he was.

He came into the ring for the semi-windup looking ragged.

"Win, Baby," she pleaded with him silently, from the fifth row center. "Win, Baby." And in her mind was a nightmarish picture of a tiny, bright and barren room containing nothing but a huge ironing board and a woman strangely like herself, bent across it in a flowered and faded kimono. "Depend on Aunt Elly," a throaty voice whispered in her mind.

* * *

At the end of the round Baby's Negro bucketman murmured, "You out in front, Baby." Wilma had told him to keep telling Baby that, regardless; just so he'd think so.

"He ain't bleedin'," Baby contradicted him flatly, and spat in the bucket.

"He's just a big front-runner from the sticks," somebody behind her observed. But she didn't even turn her head. All kinds of people got in on free passes, people not worth noticing at all.

In the middle of the fourth round someone hollered, "Pull up yer sock the next time yer down there, Chief!" Just because Baby was crouching a little while using his weight, and as it was shouted Baby brought that loving shoulder up. The Puerto Rican's cheek split like a melon and courage rose in Baby like a tide. He wheeled in fast with the sickle left: over the eyes was best. Blood. And the bell.

"Don't tell me," he cautioned the bucketman. It was bad luck to be told you were winning when you knew you really were. He watched the Puerto Rican's handlers taping the eye; the blood looked black beneath the lights. "All them Chinks got black blood," Baby thought without surprise.

"Needles is right," Wilma heard the critic behind her observe. "He uses more shoulder than glove, that devil."

"They call him Needles because

that's the town he comes from," she said over her shoulder, with contempt. But between the warning whistle and the bell the same sure voice spoke quietly.

"It's his real name all the same."

Wilma knew better. A good, kind man. And a real clean fighter too. A little superstitious, that was all.

At the bell Baby took two rights to the button that buckled him back on his heels; in a half-rolling clinch along the ropes the Puerto Rican's eye-tape hung loosely, like a bloody little horn. In close, Baby slashed it off with the crosscut left and the rest of the round looked easy. He was coasting in. And two seconds before the bell coasted straight into a driving left: his gloves hung loosely and his head waggled in shock. He came to his corner drooling. The bucketman had all he could do to bring him around.

It didn't seem possible. Not from the fifth row center. It wasn't possible to lose after having it in the bag. Only there it was, with the crowd grinning as though they'd expected something like it all along: Baby on a bicycle, his gloves trying to get something out of his eyes and his head snapping back, back, and his heels rocking; trying to hold to something and nothing to hold onto and no heart left in him at all. The Puerto Rican drove him half across the ring with the left, doubled him up with the right in his own corner, straightened him out with the left again, drove the right to the body, cupped Baby's chin in his gloves one split second, and tore the button off with the left. It didn't seem possible. But there it was.

"You've had it, clown!" someone chortled.

He had it all right.

* * *

She saw him going down to his knees like a stuck sheep; then face forward, with his head buried in his gloves, in an agony of exhaustion, while the bell clang-clanged like a 4-11 alarm and they were standing up in the rows to watch the sweating bucketman pouring ice water over Baby.

He sat sprawled, and started a little when the ice water hit him. Then put his right glove, slowly, on the back of his neck and rolled his head, slowly, as if experimenting with it.

"Is it still on, Baby?" someone shouted.

"Don't roll it too far, Chief," another warned, with the buzzer's warning.

There was rubber in his legs, but he made it, and held until the ref wrestled him off—Baby didn't want a clean break now. He hadn't learned his stuff in gymnasiums. With his left still tying up the Puerto Rican, he hooked his elbow into the navel, drew off, and drove back in with his shoulders behind it and his feet almost off the ground. The Puerto Rican went green, then white, reaching feebly for Baby, and, failing to find him, slid slowly onto the seat of his pants with his arms holding his belly. At six he rolled over, got one knee beneath him, came up at nine with his back to Baby, and was half turned about when Baby threw the right from behind his man, between the half-raised arm and the shoulder. Baby stepped aside to let him fall. "Somethin' must have made the Chief mad," somebody murmured doubtfully.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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In their room she hovered over him; but her nearness seemed to tighten something in him now.

"They can't never say you don't come from behind no more," she flattered him timidly. "I never seen you get mad before. How come you got mad, honey?"

"I dunno. I just got mad, like. He didn't really hurt me. He didn't even touch me, the way I feel. I just got mad is all."

"The way I feel, I ain't touched you neither," she said boldly.

"I don't feel like fooling around," he warned her. "I ain't mad at nobody — I just don't like for anybody to touch me no more."

Just like that.

"Am I just anybody, Baby?"

"You're my luck is all."

Outside the slow rain stopped, and began again.

"Why don't you say what you're tryin' to say?" she asked.

"All I'm tryin' to say is I need a drink." He didn't even want to talk about it.

"That ain't all you're tryin' to say."

"*You* tell *me*."

"What you're tryin' to say is why didn't I tell you about how I was at Alexandria."

"That's your business."

"You mean you'd rather go back to the sticks where you got paid for fallin' through the ropes twice a week 'n live on the bottle like you done before you started comin' over to Fourth Street."

"You don't have to go back *there*," he told her, measuring every word.

"That's right, Baby. I can stay right here 'n go over to Twenty-second instead."

"Your best bet is to go back 'n do your time," he told her. "We'll start all over when you get out." But didn't sound like he meant it at all.

"It'll be too late then, Baby. You ain't got three good years left in you. 'N neither have I."

"It's too late awready," he conceded brutally, weary of pretending. "If you would of told me right off it would of been all right. Now I feel like I'd be a sucker to go on takin' beatin's from punch-drunk Chinks just to keep a dame in the clear."

"I thought you said he didn't hurt you."

"It's startin' to hurt now. All over." Then he dead-panned on her and shifted his eyes just a little. "I want a drink," he mumbled after a minute.

"Is it all right if I stay here tonight?" she asked.

He nodded. It was all right. "Just go down 'n get a bottle first."

She bought the best in the house. "Is this the best you got?" she asked, to make sure it wasn't just the second-best.

When she went to bed she left him sitting with his fancy bottle under the light. She wakened only once during the night and saw him still sitting here, talking to himself, holding his glass to the light and inspecting it gravely. Later his head fell heavily forward on his arms, and she had to get up and drag him onto the bed.

All that night the slant rain tapped, through the darkened hours, at the lightless pane: cold mockeries, for her alone, that tapped, and ceased, and tapped again.

Toward morning she rose. The rain had stopped in the night. And crept quietly about the room: he needed his sleep, and he slept softly: a good sound for to hear. Abruptly, without interruption in his breathing, she knew he had wakened, though he had not opened his eyes.

"He's waitin' for me to go now," she thought.

When the door had closed behind her he rose and went, head swinging, to the dresser. She had left a note for him there, with the little lucky paw on top of it. It looked as though she had written it in the dark, the way it was scrawled; although the light had been on when she'd written it:

Baby, you can use this lucky foot instead of me. I hope it makes you lucky all the time. I hope you always come from behind.

Love, Wilma

Standing unsteadily in his striped fighter's trunks, swaying slightly from side to side, he touched the lucky foot tentatively. But it felt like bad luck between his fingers, and he crumpled it into the note as though it were a squashed roach and tossed it into a corner. Dames were bad luck too. It felt like everything, from here on out, was all bad luck.

He put his head behind his chin, sparred drunkenly with his shadow: a giant's shadow across the wall, elusive and threatening. Came in close and wheeled that left in, heavily. Then felt, suddenly, more tired than he'd ever felt in his life before; as though the bottom had dropped out of something inside him. And winning or losing or whether he ever came from behind again or whether he were drunk or sober didn't make any difference after all.

He went to the corner where the lucky foot lay and picked it up wearily, then stretched out on his stomach on the bed, with the furry little foot clutched in his hand, the great knuckles showing white and helplessly through the copper skin.

And slept at last, with the pitiless city sun beating in all day as though the dark and the rain and the cold, and all-night tapping at the darkened panes, and the winds that blow forever away from home, might never, never, never come again.

Slept. And dreamed love-dreams.

THAT FRAULEIN IN THE CELLAR

(*Continued from page* 10)

the rest of the people in the house down here," Collins said to Anderson, lighting a cigarette and leaning back against the wall.

Anderson translated the order and the woman left the room—to return shortly with a very old man, another old woman who might have been her sister, and a child of about three or four. They huddled together by the door, all of them except the child (who was more curious than frightened) pale with fear.

"Now ask them if they've got any guns," Collins said, dragging deeply on his cigarette and flicking ashes to the floor.

"*Haben-sie pistole?*" Anderson said, scowling menacingly.

They looked at him blankly, as though they didn't understand his question. "*Pistole,*" Anderson repeated, pointing his forefinger at them and moving his thumb up and down as though it were working the hammer of a revolver. The woman who had opened the door gave a little shriek of terror. "*Nein! Nein!*" she cried, shaking her head so violently that her glasses fell off. "*Wir haben keine—keine!*"

Collins pushed himself away from the wall. "Okay," he said. "You keep them here, Andy, while the rest of us give the joint the once over."

"But, Sarge—" Anderson began.

"Stop worrying," Collins said. "You'll get your share of the loot."

The squad split up into three pairs and began to search the house. Collins and Baxter took the ground floor and the cellar, while the others went upstairs. Within minutes, Collins, who had a nose for such things, found the liquor cabinet and emptied it into a wicker basket. He opened a bottle of cognac by knocking the head off against the corner of a table, and, after belting down a stiff shot and smacking his lips with pleasure, passed it to Baxter who, though it burned his throat and brought tears to his eyes, did the same. Meanwhile, from upstairs, they could hear doors slamming, objects thumping to the floor, and every so often someone

yelling, "Hey, look what I found!" The search soon developed the atmosphere and excitement of a treasure-hunt, and Baxter, who had no more restraint than any of the others (he had indeed less, since he was so anxious to find favor in Collins' eyes) found himself pawing through closets and cupboards, emptying bureau drawers, proudly showing odds and ends — a cameo brooch, a twenty-mark silver piece, a silk opera hat— to the sergeant, who encouraged him by saying, "That's it, kid, tear things up. These Nazis don't deserve any better."

About a half-hour later, when the squad reassembled in the hall downstairs, the only weapons they had found were two ceremonial swords. But they had an enormous smoked ham, jars of preserved fruit, coins and medallions, a dozen pieces of costume jewelry, a cheap box-camera, a cane. They also had the wicker basket, which was half-full of bottles of wine and cognac. This last item drew excited cries from those who had searched the upstairs rooms, and, at a nod from the sergeant, they each helped themselves to a bottle.

But now, as they prepared to move on to the next house, the problem arose of what to do with the loot. "We can't carry it with us," said one of the men. "Before we're through we'll have a truck-load of the stuff!"

"That's right, Sarge," Anderson said. "What'll we do with it?"

Then Baxter spoke up. He was squatting on his heels against the wall, a little giddy with liquor and excitement. "Suppose I go get the jeep?" he said. "That way we can make trips back and forth."

Collins took another pull on the now almost-empty bottle of cognac and thought it over. At length he nodded his head. "Okay," he said. "You do that." And as Baxter got to his feet and started towards the door, he added, "Try not to wreck it."

With the warm, friendly laughter of the men in his ears, Baxter started down the street towards the motor-pool. He felt extraordinarily happy. After months of being shoved around from one repple-depple to another, scared and bewildered by the stories he heard of what combat was like, it was wonderful to feel himself part of a unit, to be able to write his parents about "my outfit." And he was lucky too, to have a swell guy like Sergeant Collins for a squad-leader. There was a man! Tough, worldly, a natural leader—just the sort of man he himself had always wanted to be. "And just the sort of man I *will* be—someday," he said aloud, then looked around self-consciously to see if anyone had heard him, grinned, and broke into a trot.

About fifteen minutes later he parked the jeep in front of the second house, got out, and went inside. The din was terrific: shouting, singing, the crash of breaking crockery, doors slamming — as if a whole company and not just a squad were going through the house. As he stood there, wondering where Collins was, Hernandez came out of the room on his left. He was holding a shotgun with an engraved barrel and hand-carved stock, and his burnt-coffee features were gleaming with sweat. "Ain't she a beauty?" he said, pointing it at the ceiling and making clicking sounds with his tongue.

"Where's the Sarge?" Baxter asked him.

Hernandez shrugged. "I don't know. I think he went next-door to look things over."

Baxter went outside and crossed the lawn to the next house. He listened at the door for a moment, then, when he heard nothing, pushed it open and walked inside. "Hey, Sarge!" he called, slamming it behind him. "Where are you?" Then he noticed the woman standing at the head of the stairs which led to the second floor. She was wearing a bathrobe and slippers. She was crying.

Baxter walked over and looked up at her. "Sergeant?" he said, trying to give the word a Germanic inflexion. The woman didn't say anything, just stood there with the tears flowing down her cheeks. Then, in a choked voice, she let out a stream of German of which Baxter understood not a word, and pointed at a door to his left. He followed her gesture with his eyes and, as he did so, the door swung open and Sergeant Collins stepped out. His face was flushed a violent red; he was smiling—a slow, mean smile.

"Go ahead, kid," he said, jerking his head towards the door.

Baxter felt the blood drain from his head. His heart began to pound and he felt weak in the knees. There was no mistaking the sergeant's meaning. Baxter had never known a woman—something which because of his immaturity he had been ashamed to admit.

"Go on," Collins egged him on.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Baxter went through the door and started down the semi-circular flight of steps to the cellar.

The stairs were badly lit, and at the first turning, where the light from the open door became dim, he put his hand on the wall to guide himself—then drew it quickly back because the cement was dank and clammy to the touch. At the bottom of the stairs he paused and peered into the darkness. There was a gleam of candlelight at the far end of the cellar, and silhouetted against it, with her long straight hair glowing faintly, he could see a female figure. He felt suddenly very frightened and wanted to turn around and go back. But then Sergeant Collins called down to him, "Snap it up, we've got work to do," and he began walking slowly towards her. As he drew near, still unable to distinguish her features, she sank to the floor and stretched out on her back; a passive, acquiescent gesture. He stood over her for a moment. He felt ashamed and disgusted.

Sometime later he stood looking at her. His hands completely encircled her upper arms. How thin she must be, he thought, and still holding onto her, walked slowly backwards until he could see her face in the candlelight.

"My God!" he said in a horrified whisper. "My God!" and jerked his hands away from her as though they were on fire.

She was, he saw, no more than twelve or thirteen years old.

BAXTER was silent for quite a while when he reached this point in his story. His eyes, those ingenuous blue eyes of his, were turned inwards, full of anger and self-loathing. Then he sighed deeply and went on.

"She was in a state of shock," he said. "Her fingernails were blue and her face was as white—as white as this," and he touched the sheet.

"Collins raped her, didn't he?" I said.

He nodded miserably. "That's why she was so quiet when she saw me come into the cellar. He had hurt her and she was afraid I'd do the same." He closed his eyes and turned his back to me. "So you see," he said, "why I deserve what happened to me. It's my punishment."

I felt my heart go out to him. "Listen," I said. "Sex—"

He spun around and jerked upright in the bed. "Sex!" he said. "That has nothing to do with it. You can't miss what you don't desire, and I know that I'll never again desire. No, that's not my punishment. My punishment is this—" and his voice took on a low, haunted quality, as though he was seeing the long years ahead—"that for the rest of my life, if I live to be a hundred, my one and only memory of physical love will be of that poor girl. *That's* my punishment."

THE MADAM OF MAIDEN LANE

(*Continued from page* 50)

funeral and miners searched the bleak hills for flowers to put on her grave.

The town grieved briefly, but Martha got a replacement from Tombstone named Eve who was physically as generously endowed as Caroline and Maiden Lane returned to normalcy. Business was booming. Ten tons of silver and copper ore were being shipped out of the "suburb of hell" every day and the Wonder, Hemlock and Wyoming mines were pouring wealth out of their rich veins. Panamint City even found a method of halting the frequent holdups by casting the silver into 750-pound cannon balls, a prize few desperadoes could handle even when the wagon driver offered it to them without a struggle.

Word of such wealth naturally filtered out to other mining towns and the "girls of the line" in these communities decided that Martha Camp had too much of a good thing and that there was silver enough to go around. One day three soiled doves made the rough trip from Bisbee and stayed in town exactly two hours. As soon as their presence was detected by the always alert madam of Maiden Lane, Martha sent word to the miners that if a single dollar went to these outside damsels, her entire crew would pick up their hoop-skirts and move elsewhere. A polite but firm vigilante committee made a quick decision and put the trio of visiting belles on the next stage out of town.

Highly pleased at this loyalty, Martha decided to throw a party for her customers. Since there were several thousand of them and Panamint City had no civic auditorium, Martha took over eight saloons, closed her cribs for the night and played hostess up and down Main Street along with her girls, all of them dressed in their best silks and satins. The party stretched into the next day and the entire town got dead drunk. Even Martha, usually a temperance advocate for purely business reasons, sipped some of the champagne she had imported for the occasion while her "ladies" slugged down the fire-water with gay abandon. At the end of 48 hours Panamint City started sobering up and Maiden Lane returned to its regular business schedule.

But, like other boom towns, Panamint City had seen its moment of glory. The silver veins started to pinch out and what was left was in limestone, hard to cut and expensive to work. Word came of a new strike near Darwin and a thousand miners packed up and headed for the new bonanza. A newly discovered vein in the Hemlock mine halted the exodus temporarily, but the handwriting was on the wall and Panamint surged with uneasy speculation.

Then an act of God (as some citizens were later to call it) settled the issue and the sins of the tough little community were literally washed away the afternoon of July 24, 1876. A cloudburst struck at the head of Surprise canyon, sending a huge mass of water down Main Street. Warned by the roar of the flood, most of the inhabitants scurried to the mountainsides to safety before the first fifty-foot wave roared down. Several dozen chivalrous miners rushed to Maiden Lane to awaken Martha and her girls, but they had only minutes to evacuate them and two of the "ladies" who were entertaining a couple of early customers died in the torrent along with their clients.

Half of Panamint City was swept away. When the flood subsided, Martha sorrowfully buried her two damsels in Sour Dough Canyon and followed what remained of the population to Darwin. But it wasn't the same, and in a few weeks she went back to Los Angeles. She died there many years later with her expensive French boots off, a rich old lady who never returned to the scattered rocks and dust-covered foundations that even today mark the site of Maiden Lane, that street of joy where fifteen girls and a madam helped 5,000 miners win the West.

HER FIRST TEN BUCKS

(*Continued from page* 55)

depends." Her look was searching.

"I suppose so," Alice said. "I happen to hate men."

Marge shrugged. "Well, you'll know in a day or two. You can always leave. Ma will understand."

So Alice put on a vivid red playsuit that contrasted well with her dark hair and eyes and stretched out on the bed to read some romance magazines the girls had scattered all over the place.

The afternoon wore on. She heard those feet climbing the stairs, the clatter-clatter of high heels sounding above the muffled thump of heavy boots. There were occasional sounds through the thin walls and Alice felt a slow but growing lump of fear in her stomach.

Then she heard footsteps approaching her door. "He'll come in," she said to herself. "The first one. What will he be like?" Suddenly there was a tiny band of sweat beads across her forehead.

There was a soft knock. Alice tensed herself. "Come in," she said.

He opened the door and closed it behind him. He was a tall, heavy man, dressed in rough miners' clothes, yet there was a clean almost gentle look in his face. As he looked at her, her body straining against the too-tight playsuit, her long white legs stretched across the blanket, his grey eyes grew puzzled.

"Anything wrong?" Alice tried to be casual. "Don't I look OK?"

He nodded. "You're mighty pretty, Miss. How old are you."

Alice lied swiftly. "I'm 22. Old enough."

The man stood motionless, watching her. "You're not 22," he said. "You're about 17 and somebody ought to spank you and send you back home."

She felt her face growing red. "It's none of your business how old I am," she said. "I'm here because I need money. Starting with your ten bucks."

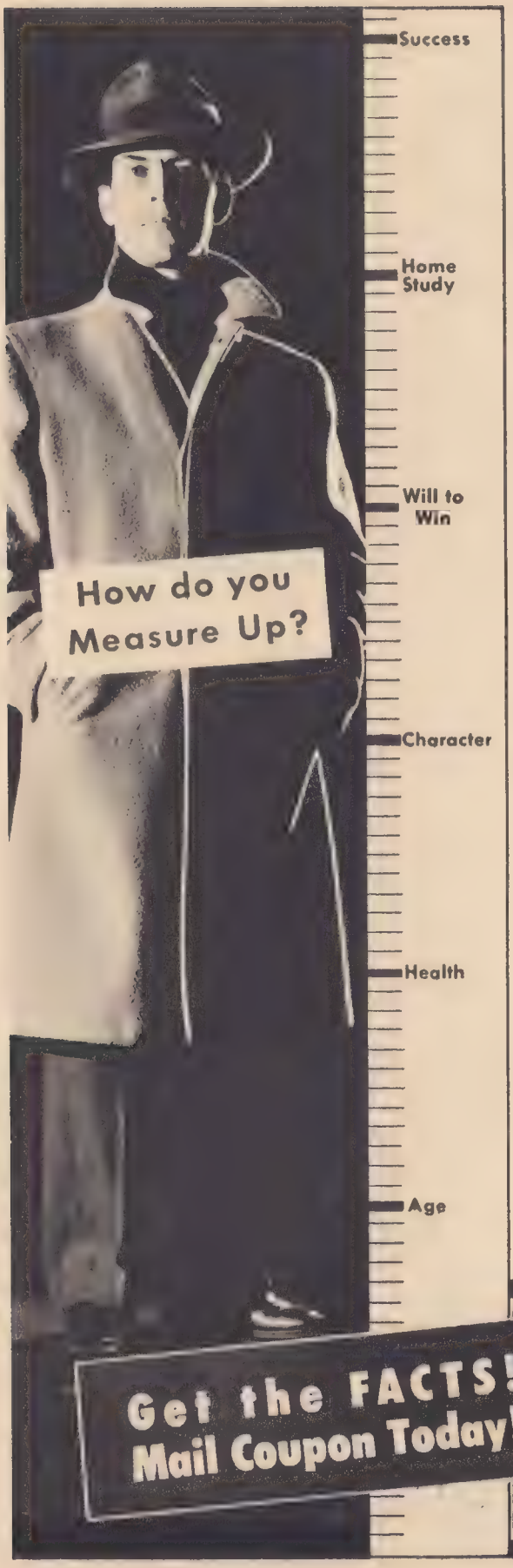
He moved over to the bed and reached into his pocket. "Here's the ten," he said, handing her a bill.

Then he moved over to the door. "Where do you live?" he asked. Alice told him. He nodded slowly.

"I've got a room down at the Nugget Hotel. Name's Jake Turner. I'm going there now. Suppose you get dressed and come down in about half an hour. I'll buy you dinner and a bus ticket back home." He opened the door and looked at her. "Half an hour."

When he left Alice looked at the bill and then burst into tears. She wept for awhile, then took off the playsuit and put on her clothes. Ma Heller and the other girls weren't down to the parlor so Alice put the note on the table. It said "Thanks, but I've changed my mind. Here's the first ten bucks I earned. You can keep it all."

She went out the front door and headed through the snow for downtown. She wasn't crying now and she hurried on, the white flakes flecking her dark hair. She didn't look back.



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NAKED ON BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 15)

she was. He definitely had perjured himself and even he after the trial admitted he lied "as any gentleman would" under the circumstances.

He was sentenced to spend a year in Federal Prison.

But it gladdened the hearts of millions, who felt he'd been given a bum rap, when Carroll, after serving four months in a Federal penitentiary, was paroled.

In all he produced 15 editions of the "Vanities," as well as two Earl Carroll "Sketch Book" revues. However, in 1936 he was declared bankrupt. Yet he never gave up the fight for nudity and two years later opened a colossal night club in Hollywood. It cost $500,000 and was illuminated by 10,000 neon tubes suspended from a patent-leather ceiling. His floor shows were of the same dazzling quality and pulchritude as made his "Vanities" internationally famous.

He was on the comeback road to another fortune when death struck unexpectedly. Carroll and 42 others perished when the plane in which he was flying crashed into a mountainside near Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. With him at the time of the crash was Beryl Wallace, his beloved girl friend and featured nude in many of his shows.

His funeral services were in keeping with his bizarre behavior in life. Two life-sized floral statues of Carroll show girls stood beside his bier! The undraped statue of his sweetheart Beryl, almost life-sized and in bronze, is raised over the marble sarcophagus which contains their bodies, side by side, in Forest Lawn Memorial Park Cemetery, Glendale, California.

The bulk of his over $1,000,000 estate was willed to Beryl, but since she, too, was killed in the crash her share, as provided for in the will, was turned over to cancer research.

Carroll, who served as a pilot in World War I, was thought by many to be immoral, shameless, debauched, vile and evil. But there were others who felt he did a magnificent job of proving that Venus, Aphrodite, Cleopatra and Helen of Troy were no more radiant than the average American girl.

MADEMOISELLE C. C.

(*Continued from page* 22)

your hand, then our hour will soon arrive. It will be eight or ten days."

"So soon? You will see that he will answer that I am too young."

"And very likely he will tell the truth."

"No, for I am young, but not too young, and I am quite certain that I can be your wife."

I felt as in a furnace, and all further resistance to the fire which burnt me seemed impossible.

"You whom I cherish," I said, "are you quite certain that I love you? Do you believe me capable of being faithful to you? Are you sure that you will never repent of being my wife?"

"I am more than certain, my heart, for you could not wish my unhappiness."

"Well then! Let us be married this instant. God alone shall be witness of our oath, and we could not have a more loyal one, for he knows the purity of our intentions. Let us give each other our pledge, let us unite our destinies, and be happy. We shall strengthen our sacred knot with the consent of your father, and with the religious ceremonies as soon as possible; meanwhile, be mine, be all mine."

"Dispose of me, my own! I promise to God and to you, from this moment on, and as long as I live, to be your faithful wife. I shall speak thus to my father, to the priest who shall bless our union, to everybody."

"I make you the same promise, my beloved, and I assure you that we are wholly married. Come into my arms, complete my happiness!"

After having tenderly embraced her, I notified the mistress of the casino not to bring us our food until we called her and not to interrupt us.

Meanwhile my charming C. C. had thrown herself on the bed quite dressed, but I told her that troublesome veils would frighten love, and in less than a minute I made of her a new Eve, beautiful as if she had just come out of the hands of the supreme artist. Her skin as soft as satin, was of a dazzling white, enhanced by the superb ebony hair which I had arranged over her alabaster shoulders. Her slender waist, her rounded hips, her perfectly moulded breasts, her rose lips, her animated complexion, her large eyes from which emanated at once sweetness and the sparkle of passion, everything in her presented consummate beauty to my greedy eyes. The perfection of the Mother of Love ornamented, with all that modesty adds in attraction to the features of a beautiful woman!

Beside myself, I began to doubt the reality of my happiness, or that it could not become perfect by a complete gratification, when love bethought himself, in so serious a moment, to furnish me with matter for laughter.

Finally as if overcome by the pleasure of the eyes, she pressed me tenderly against her breast and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear, what a difference between you and my pillow!"

"Your pillow, my heart? But you jest; explain yourself."

"It's childish. Will you be angry?"

"Angry! How could I, in the sweetest moment of my life?"

"Well! For several nights I could not go to sleep without holding my pillow in my arms. I caressed it, and called it my dear husband. I imagined that it was you, and when a sweet enjoyment had rendered me still, I went to sleep, and in the morning I found my great pillow between my arms."

My dear C. C. became my wife heroically for the excess of her love had rendered even her suffering delicious. After three hours passed in the most delightful playfulness, I got up and called for our supper. The repast was frugal but delicious. We looked at each other without speaking, for what could we say which was worthy of what we felt? We found our happiness extreme, and we enjoyed it in the certainty that we could renew it at will.

The hostess came to ask if we wished anything, and wanted to know if we would not go to the Opera which was said to be so beautiful.

"Have you never been there?"

"Never. It is too expensive for people like ourselves. My daughter is so curious that she would, God forgive me, give herself away for the pleasure of going there once."

"She would pay dearly for it," said my little wife, laughing. "My darling, we could make her happy at less cost to her, for it certainly hurts."

"I was thinking that, darling. Here is the key to the box; you can make her a gift of it."

"Here," she said to the hostess, "here is the key to the box at the theatre St. Moise. It is worth two sequins. Go in our stead and tell your daughter to keep her rose for something better."

"So that you can enjoy yourself, mother, here are two sequins," I said to her, "let your daughter have a good time." (*Continued on page* 76)

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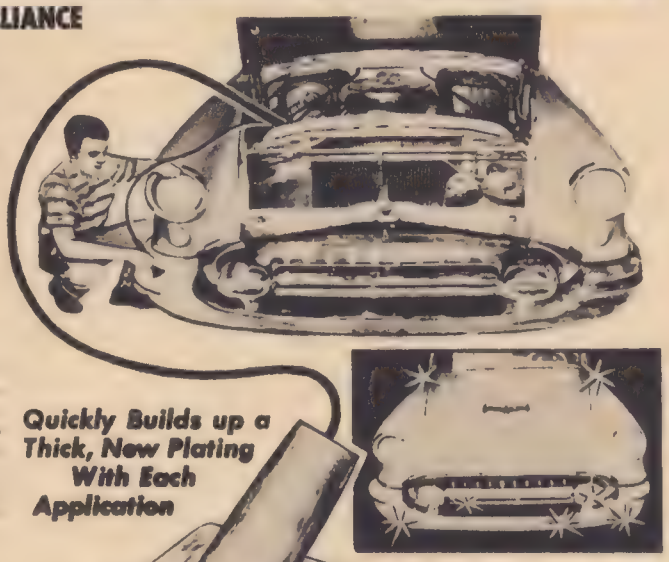

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The good women, astonished at the generosity of her hosts, ran to her daughter.

The hostess came up again with her daughter, a beautiful blonde, quite appetizing, and who was eager to kiss the hand of her benefactors.

"She will go at once with her lover," said the mother. "He is there, but I shall not let her go alone, for he is a buck! I shall go with them."

"Very well, my good woman, but on your return let the gondola which will take you back wait for us, we shall use it to return to Venice."

"What! You are going to stay here until our return?"

"Yes, for we were married today."

"Today! God bless you!"

Exhausted in enjoyment and happiness, we were going to sleep, when our hostess came to inform us that the gondola awaited us.

I got up at once, in the hope of laughing at what she would have to tell us about the opera, but she let her daughter do that, and went to prepare us some coffee. The blond girl helped my friend dress, but from time to time she looked at me in such a manner as to lead me to believe she had more experience than her mother suspected.

There was nothing less discreet than the eyes of my charming mistress. They carried the unmistakable marks of her first exploits. But she had had to sustain a battle which positively made her other than she was before.

We partook of the very hot coffee, and I told our hostess to prepare a delicate dinner for us the next day; then we departed.

It was at the first peep of dawn that, to deceive the curiosity of the gondoliers, we landed at the square Saint Sophie, and we parted happy, contented, and certain that we were quite married. . . .

SEDUCTION IN THE AFTERNOON

(*Continued from page* 26)

pin? No doubt the mermaid was the main thing.

Mermaid. Mermaid. Half-fish, half-woman . . .

A dim recollection stirred in me, as if at some time I too had been a mermaid. Lived in water. Had I dreamt that? Or was there in me some vague memory of my embryonic life when I was completely immersed in the amnyotic fluid of my mother's womb? There's a period in the embryo's life when it resembles a fish even more than a human being, a period when it actually has gills . . .

I thought hard and long, throughout several sessions, on what may have been my life as an embryo, but I was not like that patient of Spence's, I couldn't really remember anything except what I had read in books or articles on embryology. I could only deceive myself for a while . . .

Let's try a new tack.

The story goes that mermaids are sirens, creatures of irresistible beauty who lure men to their destruction. Do I do that? Oh, I hope not! Yes, I had it within me to be a siren . . . but as a matter of fact I was nothing more than a harmless tease.

Now what?

And then it occurred to me: how much did I really know about my compulsion to steal? Wasn't it possible that I was following an unimportant, or even the wrong, spoor . . .?

The following morning I. drove down to one of the largest and finest jewelry shops in Los Angeles. Deliberately I carried the same alligator purse that I had worn that day when . . . and deliberately I left the flap open so that in case . . .

And now I proceeded systematically to wear down the patience of everyone in that store. And incidentally my own patience. (That was part of my plan.)

I flitted from one case to another, a subservient clerk attentive to my least wish . . . I asked to inspect first this piece and then that, just as my fancy impelled me. First I was interested only in ear-rings, then only in brooches . . . First I refused to see anything but glittering imitations, then nothing but the finest gold . . .

Then it was silver . . . and then platinum, and then old-fashioned steel jewelry. Then I suddenly jumped to necklaces, to bracelets, to wrist-watches, to old cameos. . . .

I could have exhausted the services of two clerks. Faster than the jewelry could be replaced I was calling for more: there were moments when the showcases were littered with stuff: carved pieces, enameled, niello'd; trinkets set with rubies, fobs set with seed pearls, pendants of diamonds; grasshoppers made of agate, turtles done in carnelian, cupids of jasper, sphinxes cut out of I know not what material. . . .

I wanted my mind to reel with jewelry, with filigree, with cloisonné, with malachite, garnets, topazes. . . .

I smothered myself until I was as if in a trance.

And then abruptly I walked out of the store, leaving the whole shop dumbfounded. Completely petrified.

Then came a terrifying moment: I paused on the sidewalk, only a few paces from the shop's entrance, and examined my purse.

God only knows what I expected to find. My body trembled, my heart raced, my fingers seemed to have Huntington's chorea. I was certain that I was about to feel a man's hand on my shoulder and I was determined to rush back into the shop and return the stolen articles. . . .

I probed through the litter of my purse, probed over and over again. I had stolen absolutely nothing.

But that could only be part of the test. With the mermaid too I had only been really conscious of my compulsion some few minutes after I had left the store. I now strolled slowly down Wilshire Boulevard, back to a side-street where I had parked my car. And all the while I was going over in my mind every piece of jewelry I could recall having seen during the morning, and at the same time I was carefully scrutinizing the least emotion that it evoked within me, estimating whether it contained the slightest desire to possess, or to steal. . . .

* * *

Nothing. No desires. No obsessions. No kleptomania.

As I turned up the side-street a man stopped and exclaimed, "Mrs. Gillian! What a pleasure!" It was that department store detective again.

"I live right here," he said, turning his head to indicate a rather swank apartment house. (I remember wondering briefly how he could afford it.) "Isn't this a coincidence?" he went on.

I smiled and said something meaningless. I was still not quite recovered from my jewelry-store experiment, and I was in a hurry to get home and weigh the full meaning of it.

"Won't you come in?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "But really, I have to be going."

In a soft low voice he uttered one word, "Please. . . ."

Now in view of what happened to me later you've got to believe me. I'm being dreadfully honest. About sex, I mean. And everything else too.

Yes, that man was devilishly attractive. Physically. As if he could hand over to you at will a slice of sheer vitality, a slice of sheer joy in living . . . just hand it over to you along with that warm apricot color of his skin and the aliveness of his boyishly mussed-up hair, and something too of the stance of his body. . . .

So you see I don't deny the temptation. . . . But it would take more than

temptation to make me go to Dave's apartment.

He said, "If you'll give me a chance I think I can persuade you to come in."

What could I say? I already knew what was coming.

He went on, "Mr. McKendrick is sick. I'm taking his place. With full responsibility. So you see it's up to me. I mean, now suppose for example the papers were to come out tomorrow with your picture on the front page and with captions such as this: 'Wife of Prominent Physician. . . .' "

What could I say?

"Wanna take that chance?" he said.

Still I didn't say anything. I was thinking of Spence's career in ruins . . . scandal and divorce . . . and long years of trying to live down a rotten memory. . . .

"I'll pay for that pin," I said. I think there was almost a whimper in my voice.

I heard Dave saying, "Why don't we go inside and talk it over?" And I found myself walking into the apartment house and down a long hall . . . and Dave was whispering hoarsely, "You don't understand, babe. It's like I been looking for just nobody but you. For years. You're my kind. Ever since I took you in my arms—remember?—you've been in every bite of my food, you've been in every cigarette. . . . You've gotta understand. . . ."

He twisted the key in the lock and swung open the door. . . .

Odor of incense . . . that was my first impression. And then a big dark room in which several Turkish lamps of pierced brass scattered a thousand tiny bits of light—on the floor white fur rugs, and in the far corner a built-in bed curtained off with gauze that was decorated with paillettes. . . .

* * *

Obviously a room dedicated to sex.

The door had scarcely closed when he already had me in his arms, surrounding me with such warmth and strength that I thought I'd suffocate.

"Let me be," I gasped.

He dropped to his knees, his encircling arms sliding down to embrace my thighs. "I'm like this before you, babe. . . . Believe me. . . . Like this forever. . . ."

His forever was exceedingly short. He suddenly lifted me up and carried me over to the bed in the corner, sweeping aside the gauze with an elbow and putting me down on the bed.

"A hard bed, eh?" he said with a certain kind of shamefaced pride. "People ain't caught on to that."

It was plain that sex was to him a kind of athletics—like golf—for which the best equipment was indispensable.

In desperation I said, "Look here. About that pin. . . ."

"Forget it," he said. "I got ways to fix it."

"I can give you the money."

"Just don't give it another thought."

A fragment of light resting on a cigarette tray near the bed made me fully aware of my degradation—more so than all his pawing. . . . Five or six crushed butts. On several, the red stain of lipstick. . . .

Another detail that made me squirm: with one hand he took the receiver off the phone, as if to say, "No interruptions." From whom might an interruption be expected? From lipstick? . . . Or from someone else, someone whom he had also proudly told about his hard bed. . . .

Dissecting my shame down to its last final level (I must say that my cup of anguish poured over at this last thought): that I could be jealous of such things: lipstick and someone even more mysterious than that: someone who might or might not want to call up on the phone.

I cried out, "I could die! Yes, I could! I suffer and no one cares, except to take advantage . . .! I don't know why I stole that pin! I don't know! At first I didn't even know I had stolen it. Oh, something terrible is going to happen to me . . .!"

I didn't just cry—at some point I began to bawl, "I'm trying to think things out. I'm trying to find out about myself! Please . . . please . . . I'm so confused . . . and I suffer so. . . ."

And a strange thing happened. This man took his hands away from me. His head was bent down and aside, as if he didn't want to see me. In a curiously quiet voice, he said, "Get out."

I said, "That pin. I'll give you the money. I'll . . ." My voice was still thick with sobs.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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City and Zone_____ State_____

He repeated in the same quiet voice, "I said: get out. And I already said: don't worry about the pin. Now get out quick."

I didn't ask for another invitation. I ran to the door. With a brush of my hand I adjusted my clothes and my coiffure, wiped my eyes on my sleeve . . . and then grabbing up my red purse I left.

I had a last glimpse of him standing in the corner, facing the wall, like a naughty boy being punished.

THE NIGHT THE CHAMPS BLUSHED

(*Continued from page* 32)

only nine out of 360 fights. And they 'never heard of him.' "

Attell, boss of the feathers for an improbable period just after the turn of the century, was one of the all-time greats. He fought them all, rugged guys like George Dixon, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Harlem Tommy Murphy and Johnny Kilbane. Now he was just a midget Fred Astaire, at 74 years of age an ancient nonentity in evening dress.

Then it was Patterson's turn and the heavyweight champion paraded stolidly in a silver dinner jacket of silk and lurex topped off with a black homburg. The new Mrs. Patterson was on his arm and, truthfully, she received most of the attention. The announcer asked her to describe her form-fitting blue gown as to material and decor. There almost was a fight right there. Floyd wasn't going to have the little woman embarrassed by possibly giving the wrong description.

"It was a surprise present from me to her," he said ominously. "I didn't tell her those things about it."

He looked, for a moment, just as he did the night he chopped down ancient Archie Moore to win the heavyweight title. The announcer didn't press the issue.

Champagne glasses clicked busily as the two fighters, the craggy-chinned Manzi and the scrambled-featured Vejar, contributed a jarring note by entering the ring in the customary odorous costumes of ordinary prize fighters. Also slightly out of character were the sportswriters and photographers all in tuxedos. None of the customers seemed to find it unusual, nor the fact that the seconds and referee Joe Mangold all wore tuxedos.

The situation was saved when a blonde model in a baby blue evening gown daintily carried cellophane-wrapped gloves into the ring.

"This bout is for the gentleman's championship of the world," said the announcer.

Hardly anybody heard him. Two busty models had climbed onto the apron to parade the signs designating "Round One." They wore black spangled suits which would barely have won a decision over a Bikini, black net silk stockings, black high-heeled shoes and black top hats.

Not even the sportswriters heard the announcement of the fighters' weights. Neither did the fighters, but then, there was no such thing as precedent in a case like this.

In all fairness, it must be said that neither battler tried for the "gentleman championship of the world." Tearing their eyes away from the sign bearers, they proved themselves far from gentlemen as somehow they concentrated on beating each other's brains out.

Manzi, who had been out of action for eighteen months, ran out of gas quicker than the lady in the front row, the one with the low-cut, mink-lined bodice, emptied her champagne glass. But he had more guts than the guy who appeared in a red velvet dinner jacket and managed to last the whole ten rounds.

Which is by way of saying that Vejar won handily. Nobody could say for certain whether this was because of his anger at being slightly de trop as one of the only two guys in the swanky "stadium" who wasn't wearing a tuxedo.

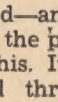
After it was over, everybody gathered at the three bars in the club and decided that "the boys who modeled the tuxedos were quite dashing," that the "old gentleman in tails was as cute as a bug," and that the blonde model on the left "was really something." It depended on whether you listened to the men or the women in this classiest of all "fight mobs."

It also made the old-timers wonder what "Two-Ton Tony" Galento, the old Newark Nightstick whose eternal boast was "I'll moider da bum," would have said about the current state of boxing in his native New Jersey.

For Hollywood—and the stubble-chinned guys of the past—never saw anything like this. It was pass the champagne and throw those two bums out.

Or, as one die-hard boxing fan growled:

"Throw 'em all out—and let's start over!"



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